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## CROATANS: THE LOST COLONY OF AMERICA.

BY FRANCES JONES MELTON.

IF we are to have a return of romance in fiction writing there is no place in America richer in material than the portion of North Carolina, where there may be found to-day the supposed descendants of "The Lost Colony of America."

For nearly three centuries the fate of those colonists has been a theme of historical speculation; and probably when the last word about them shall have been written, these mystical capital letters, CROATAN, carved on the tree inside the entrance to the frontier palisade, will remain as inscrutable as they were to the bewildered savage who took possession after Roanoke had been abandoned by the colonists.

Briefly, the story of the lost colony is that they were sent from England by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1587, about one hundred and fifty strong, under Governor John White, and landed on Roanoke Island.

After a little while Governor White found it necessary to go back to England for supplies. For some reason he did not return to America for three years, notwithstanding he had left his own family among the waiting colonists on Roanoke Island.

When he at last came back, he found no trace of those whom he had left behind when he departed for England three years before, except the word "Croatan" carved upon a tree within the palisade; "which letters," he says in a report of the last voyage, "presently

we knew to signify the place where I should find the planters seated, according to a secret token agreed upon between them and me at my last departure from them, which was that in any way they should not fail to write or carve on the trees or posts of the doors the name of the place where they should be seated, for at my coming away they were prepared to remove from Roanoke fifty miles into the main. Therefore, at my departure from them in August, 1587, I willed them that, if they should happen to be distressed in any of those places, they should carve over the letters or name a cross (†) in this form, but we found no such sign of distress. And, having well considered of this, we passed through the place where they were left in sundry houses, but we found the houses taken down and the place very strongly enclosed with a high palisade of great trees, with curtains and flankers, very fort-like, and one of the chief trees or posts at the right side of the entrance had the bark taken off, and five feet from the ground in fair capital letters was graven 'Croatan,' without any cross or sign of distress. This done we entered into the palisade, where we found many bars of iron, two pigs of lead, four iron fowlers, iron locker, shot and such heavy things thrown here and there, almost overgrown with grass and weeds."

"But, although it grieved me much to see such spoil of my goods, yet on the other side I greatly joyed that I had

safely found a certain token of their being at Croatan, which is the place where Manteo was born, and the savages of the island, our friends."

Just why Governor White did not go on to Croatan in search of the colonists does not appear. But history says he returned to England almost at once, and that Raleigh sent five different expeditions in search of the colonists, whom White might have easily found if matters back in England had not been more engaging. None of the five expeditions succeeded in finding the Lost Colony

tribe of Manteo, whose chief abode was on the coast, southward from Roanoke. It seems to indicate a locality in the territory claimed by Manteo and his tribe. This tribe is spoken of as Hatteras Indians, and there is a tradition among the Croatans of the present day, that they are descendants from the Hatteras tribe, who once claimed Roanoke as their abiding place.

It has been inferred that the Hatteras Indians had known white people before Raleigh's first expedition came to Amer-



A Croatan Type.

and for two hundred years nothing was heard of them.

In 1714, Lawson related that :

"The Hatteras Indians, who lived on Roanoke or much frequented it, tell us that several of their ancestors were white people, and could talk in a book as we do; the truth of which is confirmed by gray eyes being frequently found among these Indians, and no others. They value themselves extremely for their affinity to the English, and are ready to do them all friendly offices."

The word Croatan was applied by earlier English colonists to the friendly

ica. They believed in the immortality of the soul, and in "One Great Spirit," the Creator of the universe. They had traditions of wrecked vessels, and they affirmed that iron implements, found among them, were obtained from such wrecks, twenty years before they were visited by the English colonies. Children with auburn hair and blue eyes were noticed among them, which created the impression that they had had communication with white people. Their extreme friendliness for the English colonists from the very moment of knowing them indicated that some influence had prepared the way for such a welcome as they gave them.

White's colony has ever been known as the "Lost Colony of America," and Manteo and his friendly tribe were never again seen by white people.

Roanoke Island and adjacent territory were subject to invasion by hostile Indians. Wanchese was the declared enemy of the English. The Tuscaroras roamed the coast-bound districts; and "that these people (White's forsaken colony), after great suffering for food, were adopted by the Hatteras tribe of Indians and became mingled with them," is certainly plausible.

They all migrated westward, across the broad Neuse, and beyond the Cape Fear river, finally settling permanently on the Lumber river, near where the border line of the Carolinas is now located.

In 1709, a colony of French Huguenots located in Eastern North Carolina. Some of them penetrated the interior as far as the Lumber river, and found the country thickly populated by Indians who had farms and roads and other evidences of civilized life. They had, evidently, resided there a century or more before that time, and their settlements extended toward the Pedee river. At the date of the settlement of the French upon the Pamlico all the English must have been dead, for it was then more than a century since the attempted settlement on Roanoke Island. The region embracing Croatan Island and adjacent territory was unexplored for a long time after the disappearance of White's colony. The history of that date shows that in 1609 the northeast corner of North Carolina was settled by a colony from Virginia, but there is no evidence to show that they encountered any civilized Indians. After the settlement at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607, Captain John Smith sent a trusted messenger to the Chowanoke Indians, at the head of Albemarle Sound, to make inquiries concerning the colonists, and two others to

the Mangoaks, on the Nottaway river, but they all returned without any information, except that 'the white people were all dead.' It is very evident that they did not learn anything of the "Lost Colony."

Mr. Blair, who labored as a missionary on Pamlico after the settlement there in 1703, wrote to Lord Weymouth, his patron, as follows:

"I think it likewise reasonable to give you an account of a great nation of Indians who live in that Government, many of which live among the English and are a very civilized people."

He speaks of a desert fifty miles wide to be crossed in reaching them. At that early day very little was known of the region southwest of the Pamlico Sound, and the missionary may have traveled more than a hundred miles to reach that place, which seems to have been a great distance from other precincts visited by him.



A Wealthy Croatan.

Hamilton McMillan says concerning the Croatans: "At the coming of white settlers there was found located on the waters of Lumber river a large tribe of Indians, speaking English, tilling the soil, owning slaves and practicing many of the arts of civilized life. They occupied the country as far west as the Pedee, but their principal seat was on the Lumber, extending for twenty miles along that river. They held their lands in common, and land titles only became known on the approach of white men. The first grant of land to any of this tribe, of which there is any written evidence in existence, was made by King George the Second, 1732, to Henry Berry and James Lowrie, two leading men of the tribe, and was located on the Lowrie swamp, east of Lumber river, in the present county of Robeson, in North Carolina. A subsequent grant was made to James Lowrie in 1738.

"According to tradition there were deeds of older date, described as 'White' deeds and 'Smith' deeds, but no trace of them can be found at this date.

"Many families described as white people emigrated toward the Alleghany mountains; and there are many families in Western North Carolina at this time, that are claimed by the tribe in Robeson county as descendants of the lost English colonists, who had preserved their purity of blood to that degree that they could not be distinguished from white people.

"These Indians built great roads connecting the distant settlements with their principal seat on the Lumber, as the Lumber river was then called. One of these roads can be traced from a point on Lumber river for twenty miles to an old settlement near the mouth of Heart's Creek.

"James Lowrie, previously mentioned as one of the grantees in the

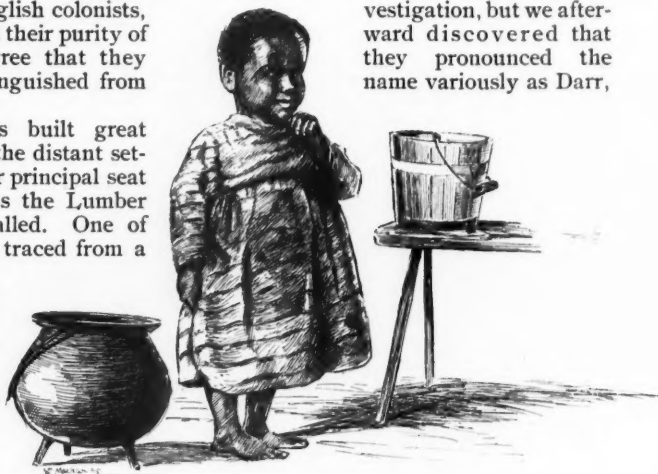
land deed made by King George the Second, and recognized as a chief man in his tribe, is described as an Indian, who married Priscella Berry, a sister of Henry Berry, the other grantee mentioned.

"James Lowrie was a descendant of James Lowrie, of Chesapeake, who married a Croatan woman in Virginia (as Eastern North Carolina is still described by the tribe), and became the progenitor of all the Lowries belonging to this tribe.

"According to the traditions respecting this family, the men were intellectual and ambitious and 'leaders among men.' Henry Berry, the grantee mentioned, was a lineal descendant of the English colonist, Henry Berry, who was left on Roanoke Island in 1587. Many of this tribe served in the Continental army during the Revolutionary war, and enjoyed pensions within the memory of persons yet living.

"A considerable number served during the war of 1812, some of whom received pensions within the recollection of the writer. Some of the tribe fought under 'Bonnall,' as they term Colonel Barnwell, and we have reliable evidence that they brought home as contraband of war a few Mattamuskeet Indians as their prisoners and slaves.

"The name Dare was not recognized by them in our first investigation, but we afterward discovered that they pronounced the name variously as Darr,



Another Type.



Dorr and Durr. This discovery was made when we related to an old chronicler of the tribe the story of Virginia Dare, the first white child born on American soil.

"This name Dorr appears on the muster roll of 1812, but has since

*"Mension is used for measurement, aks for ask, hit for it, hosen for hose, loven for loving, housen for houses.*



disappeared from on the Lumber river.

"Several affirm that the Dares, Harvies, Coopers and others retained their purity of blood, and were generally the pioneers in emigration. Many names are corrupted so that it is difficult to trace them.

"Traditions are fading fast. As far back as 1820 their traditions were more vivid than now, and familiar to old and young. Now you will find their ancient traditions confined to a comparatively few old persons. The language spoken is almost pure Anglo-Saxon, a fact which we think affords corroborative evidence of their relation to the lost colony of White.

"*Mon* is used for man, *fayther* for father, and a tradition is usually begun as follows:

"Mon, my fayther told me that his fayther told him, etc.

They seem to have but two sounds for the letter *a*, one like short *o*. Many of the words in common use among them have long been obsolete in English-speaking countries, and this is corroborative of the truth of their tradition that they are the descendants of the lost Englishmen of Roanoke. Their language has many peculiarities, and reminds one of the English spoken in the days of Chaucer."

"In traveling on foot they march in 'Indian file,' and exhibit a fondness for bright red colors. They unconsciously betray many other traits characteristic

A Croatan Woman.

of Indians. The custom of raising small patches of tobacco for their own use has been handed down from time immemorial. In building they display no little architectural skill. In road-making they excel. Some of the best roads



A Croatan Girl.

in North Carolina can be found within their territory. They are universally hospitable and polite to strangers. They are proud of their race and boast of their English ancestry. Like their Indian ancestors, they are friendly to white men. They never forget a kindness, an injury nor a debt. In common with all Indians they have a great respect for Quakers, and look upon them as the true friends of the Indians.

In the olden time they had houses of entertainment for travelers."

The chief settlement of these people to-day is Scuffletown on the historic Lumber river. This river pursues a southeasterly course through Scuffletown. Its waters are very dark, and flow swiftly between flat, swampy banks. Pine, cypress and gum trees thickly stud its waters, except in its deepest and swiftest currents. It very rarely confines itself to one current, and lovely islands full of feathery greenness are constant in the dark stream. The soil of the flat lands bordering the river is moderately fertile and very easily cultivated. The country is pretty, but is marred somewhat by the ever present sameness of a land unvaried by hills and diversity of forest; while the glare of unending reaches of white sand tire the eyes and tan the complexion.

The Croatans till small farms and live in small houses, but the habitations have an air of homelike convenience. Their dooryards are ornamented with shrubs, vines and flowers, and

their gardens are large and stocked with vegetables. Their farms are usually a clearing of four or five acres immediately surrounding the house. A large farm is a rare exception, and an evidence of superior prosperity, among these primitive people.

The women and children cultivate the tiny crops, principally; while the men work at making turpentine, ditch for the neighboring planters, labor at the saw-mills, make splint baskets, vessels from juniper, and pick cotton to earn money for necessities the farms are inadequate to produce.

In former times, no doubt, when the swamps were full of game and the streams were more prolific, the men hunted and fished, and the women tilled the cleared patches of land; but with the coming of the white men they forsook fishing and hunting to serve for hire. Why they did not enlarge their farms and embrace the advantage of markets brought so near them, is a mystery pertaining to their Indian blood.

With their English thrift and economy, and Indian simplicity and seclusiveness, they have evolved a personality of race to be found in no other people in existence. They are extremely interesting as a product of the mingling of two distinct races, entirely opposite to each other in habits, color and physical traits. They can hardly be declared a mixed race even at this distant day. The physical traits of each were so indestructible that they persist in declaring themselves in all their purity after the lapse of centuries. There was not a point, it seems, at which their blood could mingle and produce a type that would harmoniously combine the characteristics of both races. When a Croatan is English he is almost entirely so; when he is an Indian he is an almost perfect type of the red man, robbed of his typical sternness by civilized habits and surroundings.

There are freaks among them, in whom the color is pronounced Indian and the features pure Anglo-Saxon. Again this type is reversed, and Indian features are clothed in a fair, rosy complexion. Another exception is an amber-tinted

color, with the features of either race. There are fair maidens and Anglo-Saxon young men; and maidens and young men who might be lineal descendants of Hiawatha and Minnehaha. As the men grow old they assume the characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon, typically, while the women seem to degenerate into the Indian type phenomenally. They are also the product of the coalescence of two very different intellects; and the more enlightened mind of the civilized man must have dominated the Indian very powerfully to eliminate the language, the names and the uncleanly sloth of the savage. There is not an Indian word, name or appellation among them, and often they have an exaggerated habit of cleanliness. Their uncarpeted floors are scrubbed to an almost snowy whiteness, their unpainted furniture is kept in the same spotless condition, and their dooryards are neat and tidy. Their dress is like that of an ordinary rural people, who work and pay but little attention to the toilet.

They are fond of bright colors and eschew neutral tints in dress fabrics. Bright pinks, deep reds, vivid greens, gay plaids and dark grounds spangled with large flowers or mottled with intricate blossoming vines are their most popular fancies in attiring themselves. They are quick-witted and appreciative. As a race they are unpretending and retiring, the more benighted ones preferring to live away from the public highways in the undisturbed solitude of the swampy pine lands. Their implements of agriculture and other industries are like those of the white people, with whom they trade almost exclusively. The Croatans, with a few exceptions, are not a mercantile people. They have no means but what is attained by patient toil and stern economy, involving much self-denial. The majority of them can read and write, and some have sufficient education to thoroughly appreciate literature. They thirst for knowledge when they are so enlightened as to feel their need of it. A newspaper is universally prized among them. They reverence that medium between them and the busy

world in which they have so little part. In former times it was impossible for a Croatan to get any education at all except by hiring some one to teach him privately, and this was difficult and expensive. When the free schools were established for the colored race they were given the privilege of attending them, but they indignantly declined to do so. In 1885 they were given separate schools, and since that time their progress has been phenomenal. Their public school houses, built entirely by private means, are all frame, and are much better equipped than those of the colored race. By an act of the General Assembly of North Carolina, passed in 1887, the Normal School for teachers of the Croatan race was established, and the sum of five hundred dollars is annually given by the State for its support. The Normal School has sent out thirteen instructors for the race, and is doing much to elevate the Croatans. At the present time there are thirty-seven pupils in attendance, but all are not teachers. The children of the public school near by are included in the instruction given by the Principal, because the attendance after the spring opens is small, and separate schools at that point are not necessary. The Principal is a white man, a graduate of Edinburgh, Scotland. The Croatans praise him warmly for his conscientious work in their behalf.

There are about two thousand five hundred Croatans in Robeson county; and eleven hundred children between the ages of six and twenty-one years are entitled to the benefit of public instruction. They generally avail themselves of this opportunity for an education. There are sixteen churches owned by the Croatans, divided between the Baptist and Methodist denominations. Their churches are frame buildings, but like, their houses, are as clean as scrubbing with white sand can make them. They are austere furnished with the bare necessities of pioneer worshippers.

The Croatans as a people are devoutly pious, and reverential of sacred things. The great faith which illumined the lives of their English ancestors in

the vast solitude of the American wilderness, and the sublime conception of the Great Spirit embraced by Manteo and his people, have descended as a redemptory benediction, even unto the present day, upon this lowly people.

In Scuffletown are many names derived from the English colonists. Lowries are there in abundance. Sampson, Brookes, Allen, Johnson, Graham, Thompson and many others, identical with the lost colony. Many of the colonial names have become extinct, and other names, through inter-marriage with settlers around them, have become incorporate with them.

When a white man married a Croatan woman, the children of such a union, with their father's name, became Croatans, and thus French, German, Irish and Scotch names are among them. In the original colony left upon Roanoke Island were one hundred and twenty persons in all; ninety-two men, seventeen women and eleven children, including the two who were born at the "city of Raleigh," or Roanoke Island, the first of whom was Virginia Dare. They were embraced in ninety family names, the majority of which can be found in the settlements on the Lumber river. This must be irrefutable evidence that the Croatans are the descendants of White's colony. They should be simply Croatans, not Indians or English.

Through misfortune of color they incurred the resentment of the white people in the unhappy days before and after the Civil war. In eager but sad

tones they will tell you how they suffered through another mongrel race, the ante-bellum free negro, who required laws to regulate his behavior. Every law passed for the free negro's government was enforced upon the proud, harmless, retiring Croatans, who only asked to be let alone in their poverty and isolation. The blood inherited from the protégés of the mighty Sir Walter Raleigh, and the royal tribe of Manteo, "Lord of Roanoke and Dasamonguepeuk," boiled with fiery but impotent indignation when those humiliating laws were executed upon them by uninformed officials, who did not know or care about the extreme difference between a Croatan and a person with African blood in his veins. Learned men came to their rescue in many instances, and gained the eternal gratitude of the oppressed Croatans. This wrong-doing finally ended in a series of horrible tragedies. The famous outlawry of Henry Berry Lowrie and his associates was a result of those tyrannical laws unjustly enforced. One law forbade a free negro to carry a gun, and the Croatan's much-loved weapon of sport was wrested from him.

As a people the Croatans are peaceable in disposition, but when aroused by repeated injury they will fight desperately. The great mass shun notoriety, and carefully avoid places where crowds of other races assemble. They are exclusive and seclusive; they have the combined traits of English and Indians; they are "The Lost Colony of America."



In the Croatan Public School.

## THE DEFENSE BY DISSOLUTION.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

### I.

PROFESSOR Elbert Shawfield, a man who had attracted some attention on account of his chemical discoveries and biological researches, was murdered for his money; there could be but little doubt of it. The large amount of cash known to be in his possession, and it was all gold, disappeared utterly, and he as well.

The strongest of circumstantial evidence seemed to fasten the crime upon a young man by the name of Luke Mowbry, who, himself an expert chemist, had been for three years Professor Shawfield's confidential assistant and practical experimenter.

The large country house in which Professor Shawfield lived and conducted his experimental work burned down on a wild and stormy night. Mowbry was found, the next morning, among the rocks on the mountain-side near by, whither, as he explained, he had fled for shelter from the storm when the fire drove him out of the house. He was cool in his bearing and apparently frank in his statements.

As a matter of course, however, suspicion fell upon him at once, and people believed that he had buried the professor's money in a safe place; at all events it was determined that the matter must be investigated, and his arrest followed promptly; but absolute proof of his guilt could not be easily found by the amateur detectives and ignorant county officials in charge. The chief trouble was that the body of the murdered man had been quite annihilated; likewise his gold; not a trace of either being discoverable in the ashes of the house.

And Mowbry told a story so fantastical that no credibility could attach to it. He admitted that Professor Shawfield was dead and that he had been killed previous to the fire which destroyed the building: but he persisted,

with a baffling show of calm earnestness, in the statement that the distinguished victim's death was caused by the accidental breaking of a small glass vessel which contained a certain liquid recently distilled by him, a liquid of such mysterious and subtly destructive power that when a mere drop of it fell upon the professor's hand it instantly resolved him bodily to an impalpable vapor and ignited the house.

The local lawyers for Mowbry's defense delayed the case from the first, while they sought diligently for evidence to support the plea of insanity. And the prisoner's romantic story, from which he could not be turned, and which he never varied in the least, certainly did not sound like a sane man's attempt to evade the penalty of crime, albeit in the mind of the court, and even of the average jurymen, it was nearly certain to be considered as a mere subterfuge strongly indicating his guilt.

There was this, however, which lent to the mystery of the murder a fascinating air of dark romance; both the professor and his assistant had been extremely reserved, reticent, and even furtive in their behavior for some months previous to the tragedy. Their movements in public had suggested that some uncanny work was in hand out at the lonely mansion, and people wondered and talked, as unsophisticated people will when surreptitious acts defy their curiosity.

Moreover, it was the most natural thing in the world that the complete material dissolution of Professor Shawfield should make his death seem incomparably awful and invest Mowbry's deed with a potent charm of atrocity. To kill a man under mysterious circumstances is horribly romantic; but to kill him and leave not a trace of him to signify that he once lived is to engender in the soul of the average human being a formless awe, an amorphous terror, out of which shall grow the vaguest yet



most potential mixture of prejudice and superstition. At all events, throughout the quiet and secluded nook of the mountains where this thing was done, the simple-minded and strangely belated people gave themselves up to confusing speculations concerning it and indulged in the most fantastic gossip about it, their interest growing as the subject became more inexplicably vague to their understanding.

The detectives, lost in a fog of mystery too thick for their wits, and the sheriff and constables, worried by elusive circumstances, took refuge, as overtaken egotists are apt to do, in a show of occult proceeding too abstruse for the common mind, and so wrought upon the simplest source of romantic expectation until the whole community walked at tiptoe and was startled by every fresh rumor.

When, after some months of delay, the great criminal lawyer and advocate from New York came in the weekly stage-coach through the hills to the little town where Mowbry was to be tried, a sudden access of excitement agitated the sources of suspicion, wonder and gossip. Who had employed him? Where was his fee to come from? Ah, the murderer's blood money, that was it, men whispered to one another. And yet this great lawyer attracted them; they followed him admiringly with their eyes. He was superbly handsome, having a grand stature, a leonine face, a mane-like growth of curly auburn hair, and a manner at once inscrutable, magnetic and imposing. He somehow looked more like an actor than an attorney. He was, indeed, an incarnate melodrama striding up and down.

He held long consultations with the accused man and his local counsel; but kept himself aloof from the public, carrying his head loftily, his gaze on the distance, thus distinguishing himself as only the exclusive can. Even his name, Russell Woolworth Abbott, impressed the rural imagination before any definite rumor of his amazing legal ability and matchless eloquence was abroad. And the local lawyers, particularly those engaged for the Com-

monwealth, felt at a chilling disadvantage, overshadowed and overawed by this unapproachable archangel of the forum.

The great advocate had wonderful greenish gray eyes; and when he turned them upon you there was a steadfast depth of mysterious influence in them; you were thrilled and dominated. This at least was the effect upon the ignorant yet imaginative mountain folk in whose midst for the first time a man celebrated all over the world as a criminal lawyer, and possessed of irresistible personal magnetism, now stalked like an apparition from a land of demi-gods. All eyes followed him, every tongue wagged about him, every brain wondered what he was going to do.

As the day set for Mowbry's trial approached, public curiosity owing to certain half authentic rumors, could scarcely be kept within decent bounds. For example, it was on everybody's lips that the defence, that is to say the great lawyer from New York, had made a startling discovery. Exactly what this discovery was, and to what unheard-of effect it would be used remained tantalizingly suspended in an atmosphere of opaque yet almost translucent mystery. Its importance grew, however, from day to day, until toward the last it seemed certain that the trial would disclose something theretofore deemed impossible, and so awful in its nature that the whole world would be struck with terror. The superstition lying just under the skin of mountain folk was stirred to the bottom.

How this latest rumor got afloat no one knew; but a vial of green liquid, distilled by Professor Shawfield just before his death, came in for discussion; a vial made of a strange crystal material and fitted with a gold neck and stopper; a green liquid, one drop of which would not only destroy a man's life, but dissolve his physical organism into invisible vapor.

Everybody said, and with some show of philosophy, that such a story was very absurd; nobody pretended to give it the slightest belief; yet it grew, it sank into people's minds, it took the

average mountaineer's appetite for the supernatural with a fast and comfortable, not to say satisfying, grip, and nothing else was talked about at places where people met to gossip.

One man at Loneton, the name of the county seat where Mowbry was to be tried, a man who had no ascertained vocation, save whittling with a jack-knife and drinking at everybody's expense, took a great interest in discussing the prisoner's case. He was what we indefinitely call a privileged character, and was known as Bloat Jack, a name to which his personal appearance gave him absolute right, considering his congested face, his flabbily rotund body, his shuffling gait, and his rheumy, leering eyes. He was a blatant skeptic on the main subject

"It 'ud delight me, gentlemen, to drink to the health o' Mr. Russell Woolworth Abbott's client out'n that air vial what ye talk so much about," Bloat Jack said, smacking his lips foretastingly, a day or two before the trial. "A leetle nip o' that air amazin' green liquor'd jest suit me. I hankers arter it."

This remark, meant to be humorous, was, in the long run, an important link in history; indeed, it accidentally injected into the case of the State vs. Mowbry an element of horror and mystery not derivable from any other source.

Mark Hunt, one of the local counsel for Mowbry, chanced to be present in Paddy Dineen's saloon, and heard Bloat Jack's words, at which he bridled a trifle.

"If you're in earnest, Bloat," the lawyer quickly said, "you are just the man I'm looking for."

"In airnest?" drawled Bloat Jack, turning to leer comically at Hunt. "What d'ye mean?"

"I mean just this," said lawyer Hunt emphatically, taking a step nearer, "if you really wish, of your own free will, to test the green contents of that gold-necked crystal vial, you can have the opportunity; and, furthermore, if you drink three drops of it, and it doesn't flash you into nothing but thin smoke, that quick," he snapped his fingers,

"why, you'll receive from me a cool thousand dollars for your trouble right then and there. But, mind you, I don't have any notion that you'll dare to try it, and I'm not advising you to."

This was spoken in a vehement, almost choleric strain. The by-standers and by-sitters were startled. Paddy Dineen leaned over his bar and glared first at Hunt, then at Bloat Jack, while Hunt deliberately unpocketed a huge roll of bank bills, and added in a steady, almost stagey voice:

"You're just the person we are after; we want to try the experiment on a man; we've tried it on animals. What do you say?" He thrust forth his hand and continued: "Smell of the money; but, mind you, that I warn you against trying the dangerous stuff, the stuff in the vial, I mean."

Bloat Jack hesitated, and his purple face grew purpler. The soiled paper money fluttered unctuously under his nose, and gave forth a distinct financial bouquet, subtly insinuating and tempting.

Some one laughed derisively, but it was not a perfectly natural laugh, and Paddy Dineen, wiping his bar meantime, spoke up:

"Bedad, the money talks!" he said, "but ye bet yer ould hat it's not mesilf 'at wants yer bargain, Maysther Hunt."

"Take 'im up, Bloat," urged a lank loungee from the mountains; "hit's easy money yearned."

"Maybe you'd like the job," sneered Hunt, turning upon the speaker, and giving him, in turn, a smell of the bills. "Say yes, or shut up!"

The lank man slunk back, grinning sheepishly. It was no longer the pretense of a joke in any person's mind. Hunt made the offer general, and the room became silent.

"Tell everybody," he went on, "that a thousand dollars waits at my office for the man who'll come there and voluntarily earn it by testing the vial."

He swept his eyes triumphantly over the gaping audience, gave the bank notes another enticing shake, and strode out of the room.

## II.

Loneton, as we have said, was in the mountains, and in those days railroads were scarcely known of there, while telegraphy by electricity had not been invented. News was a local and scarce commodity in an isolated placelike that.

But if rumor did not fly far or make itself conspicuous under attractive headlines, it somehow filled the area of natural limitation with amazing suddenness. From town to mountain-side, and up and down the foot-hills, and in and out of the pockets and dells flashed this fresh incident of the murder mystery. Everybody heard of the offer made by Lawyer Hunt, and everybody had an opinion to express regarding it.

"I'm poorty darn sarting 'at hit air an out'n out bluff," remarked 'Squire Spivy to the State's attorney. "A Noo Yo'k bluff, ye mought say."

"Of course it is," was the reply, "and it beats the devil why somebody doesn't call him. He'd wilt like a sweet-potato slip in a drouth."

"Then w'y don't ye call 'im?" demanded the 'squire. "Ye'd git the pot."

"Humph!" sneered the prosecuting lawyer, "I'll never have the chance to. Hunt knows whom to tackle."

The 'squire, a droll-looking countryman from the foot-hills, mused for a few moments with a reminiscent, ecloguic vacancy in his eyes; then, suddenly assuming a shrewd countenance, said:

"Ef ye're a jes' nat'rally er dyin' ter try the projec', w'y, I'll go see Hunt an' 'range the matter."

"Do it, 'squire, do it," urged the attorney, jocosely grimacing while he bit off a chew of tobacco. "I'll see you well paid for your trouble."

People took sides in this matter; they even grew intemperate and pugilistic over it, and hot arguments ended in punches and nose-bleeding upon two or three occasions. Strange to say, however, no person seemed quite ready to earn the thousand dollars which Hunt, in the tireless search for a victim, made exhibit of in every crowd he could come upon.

Bloat Jack took the temptation to heart. It was noticed that he appeared thoughtful, down-spirited, and was inclined to silence. He was, indeed, so absent-minded that, so Paddy Dineen reported, he refused a drink of apple-brandy offered him by an acquaintance, which was regarded as a grave symptom.

"W't ails Bloat, anyhow?" the inquiry went from group to group. "He do sort o' seem onhappy."

In time it leaked out that Bloat Jack had been heard to say:

"Im no count fer nothin' an' never wuz, an' it look zif I mought jes's well try it. Hit cayn't more'n kill me, no-how."

"I tole 'im bedad niver to do sich a thing," said Paddy Dineen, "but I rickon the pore craytur don't moind di'th one bit at all, he's got so low down. An' besides, Maysther Hunt is a spoikin' 'im kind o' private loike wid the bayst o' Frinch liquor an' stuff to git 'im stiff 'nough to do it."

More than one person chanced to see Hunt furtively and with a wheedling look accost Bloat Jack in byway or alley.

"Ef he do pu'suade 'im inter doin' it," remarked 'Squire Spivy in a deprecatory tone to the State's attorney, "he'd orter be lynched. Bloat air a pore, harmless critter."

"Look here, 'squire, I hope you're not goose enough to put any faith in such a preposterous story as this!" said the attorney, and he interpolated some very vigorous expletives while speaking. "You're surely not a born fool."

"I sort o' su'mise 'at I air 'bout on the same footin' wi' you. You don't git up an' hurry ter try thet 'speriment, I take spaycial notice," was the dry rejoinder.

"Oh, get along," laughed the attorney as the 'squire rose to go out of the office. "But say, 'squire," he called out through the door. The 'squire was on the sidewalk, but turned and peeped in.

"I say, 'squire, you keep a close eye on that little game and report everything to me. I'll pay you handsomely. Watch every move. They're not smarter than you are, do you think?"

The 'squire meditated and his jaundiced countenance appeared to give forth a twinkle of bilious cunning, as if he were weighing the chances of some scheme or other. Lawyer Hunt was his friend, but then—

"Wayl," he presently drawled, "ef they air up to any trick, ye kin bet I'll fetch it ter ye."

It is not exaggeration to say that now the air of Loneton grew heavy with the vague yet intense expectation of a people wrought upon by hints, glimpses, side-lights and suggestions. The murder itself, as a subject of consideration, was merged into the pervading mystery of something that was on the point of disclosure. Everybody felt that an explosion must soon come, and red lights and sulphur fumes characterized the anticipation.

Late at night before the morning of the day set for Mowbry's trial a fresh rumor took the breeze, a rumor very grateful to all ears and with much in it to give color of authenticity to its main fact.

Bloat Jack had finally agreed, in consideration of one thousand dollars, so some one reported, to have the experiment made upon him, or rather to make it himself, which should test the power of the celebrated vial's contents.

It was told in surreptitious whispers that cats and dogs and pigs experimented upon in the room over Hunt's office had actually flashed away into tenuous vapor under the touch of but a single drop. Men leaned close at the bar of Paddy Dineen's saloon and looked at one another askance, while the night waned and the cocks crowed up the sun.

It was to be a great day; folk poured in from everywhere around and filled the town with a motley swarm breathlessly eager for a sensation and bent upon having it.

Early in the morning 'Squire Spivy went to the State's attorney, and, after some hepatic coughing and hesitation, told him that at last lawyer Hunt had succeeded in getting Bloat Jack up into a room over his office where something uncanny would betimes happen.

"Hit air a go," he added almost

hoarsely, "the 'speriment air to be tried. Hit's done been tried on er cat. Yes'r, las' night; I seed it; I crope up an' peeped through the key-hole."

"And what did you observe?"

"Observe?" The 'Squire shuddered retrospectively; "thet cat 'jes 'sploded an' glimmered inter nothin'; jes' petered into pale smoke an' dis'peared, leavin' nothin' but er smell er' singed cat-h'ar!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the State's attorney. "Dad burn nonsense! Go 'long!"

The 'squire set his bilious jaw, and made a dangerously suggestive movement toward his hip pocket. The 'squire had been known to fight at a word.

"Mebbe ye consider 'at I've lied?" he growled.

"No; but this thing—" the attorney began.

"Air 'jes's I tell ye," snapped the 'squire.

The two men looked straight at each other in silence.

Presently, speaking in an absent-minded, reflective strain, the 'squire said:

"I wouldn't be in ole Bloat's boots f'r forty million dollars!" He lifted his shoulders and could not entirely hide a shudder.

Just then a trumpet-toned voice was heard from the opposite side of the street crying out:

"Oh yes! Oh yes! The circuit court of Lonesome county's now in session!"

It was the high sheriff opening the court for Mowbry's trial.

The State's attorney put on his hat, gathered up an armful of law-books and hurried away to the court-house.

"Fetch me all the news you get," he called back over his shoulder to the 'squire.

### III.

Loneton, like ancient Rome, covered seven hills, very small ones, over which the ochre-colored clay streets clambered from knob to knob, their ruts and gulleys scantily fringed with

dog-fennel. Its houses were mostly old wooden shells set upon stilt-like foundations. The court-house, which stood on the center of a square lot, surrounded with rustic hitching racks for horses, was a squat, weather-beaten edifice, having dismal windows in front, on each side of a double porch decorated with rudely fluted columns.

The town was probably the oldest, and certainly the most isolated, in all the mountain district of North Carolina. It seems, from what can now be gathered, that Professor Shawfield selected it for his purposes on account of its remoteness from great centers of activity, and the security it gave him against interrupting visitors and meddling rivals. He turned the old mansion, so called, into a laboratory, built chimneys higher, put in furnaces and pipes and vats and all the strange machinery of a chemical experiment shop, and buried himself in his work, with no one save Mowbry to share his life and its secret.

All this was told to the jury in the box and to the judge on the bench, as if they did not already know it. And there was a solid packing of men in every available part of the court-room; the windows were full, the doors jammed.

"If your honor please," said the great advocate from New York city, "in behalf of the prisoner, my client, I now withdraw the plea of insanity, and will let the cause stand on the simple plea of not guilty; for we shall prove him as guiltless as any juror in that box."

This did not surprise the State's attorney, but it did seem to confirm in a way what had been rumored. Plainly the defense had some hidden support. Meantime the great lawyer spoke on.

Such a voice had never before been heard in Loneton; it thrilled every soul of that audience with a strange musical power. In those days oratory was almost unlimited in its influence. The man's presence, moreover, was captivating; his face wore a solemn, almost awful expression, such as Booth could put on at his inspired moments, and his dark, gray-green eyes emitted

magnetic light. He was still on his feet when Hunt, showing a precipitate mood and expanded eyes, came elbowing his way from the front door, and, entering the bar, hurried to his side and whispered something in his ear.

The great advocate started and stepped a pace backward, while a look of supreme tragic horror distorted his grand face. Hunt also showed uncontrollable agitation.

The State's attorney and his co-counsel moved uneasily in their chairs. Something had happened; the audience gaped breathlessly.

At the same time 'Squire Spivy, wrought upon and sweating with excitement, entered the court-room. He was evidently in an ecstasy of haste; his face, wrinkled and shrunken, was of a saffron hue, and when he reached the State's attorney he could scarcely speak, he panted so violently.

"B-B-Bloat's gone!" he exclaimed in a rasping, far-reaching whisper. "He-w-went ter thin smoke at one puff! Ugh! Lordy mussy!"

The jury heard, the court heard, the audience heard. A hush of almost suffocating attention filled the house. Every soul present knew the purport of those words; for all had been indirectly expecting something of the sort.

"Hit was tur'ble," the 'squire continued to sibilate. "Pore ole Bloat! He went sudden, ermazin' sudden!"

Lawyer Hunt handed a small glittering object to the great advocate, who held it for a moment in plain view. It was a gold-necked vial two-thirds full of sparkling pale green liquid which when shaken played up and down with a treacherous, flame-like ripple.

So thoroughly and evenly had gossip spread every particular of the news that there was probably not a person in the court-room who did not know that vial at a glance and feel the awful significance attaching to its contents.

The judge was a short, bald-headed man with a heavy underhung chin and protruding eyes. He looked uneasily this way and that and mopped the bare area of his crown with a red bandanna. It had been long known that the judge would not fight.



'Squire Spivy continued speaking in his enormous whisper and gesticulating at random while the State's attorney backed by his now wax-pale co-counsel was trying to address the court.

"Your Honor," he said, and with difficulty rolled his stiffening tongue in his cheek to moisten it; "your honor, 'Squire Spivy informs me that—that a hideous, dastardly, awful crime has just been committed in the room over Mr. Hunt's law office." By this time the speaker's face was very pale and his lips were crisp as he proceeded. "I demand, your honor, that this court order the sheriff to arrest Mark Hunt for the murder of Jackson Beck, or Bloat Jack, as we all call him, and arrest also that man there as his accomplice, aider and abettor!" He shook his quivering finger at the great advocate.

Meantime 'Squire Spivy was plucking fussily at the State's attorney's coat and fairly screaming in a whisper insistent and deprecatory:

"No, no! Ye'll ruin yer case; Hunt didn't never tech Bloat at all. Bloat done it hisself o' his own accord—just tuck that air little bottle an' went ter drink some o' thet air truck, jes' one drap, an' Lordy mussy!" He made a motion with his hands to indicate the catastrophe.

The great advocate now began to speak in a loud, clear and incomparably bellicose strain of eloquence. His face flamed with anger, his eyes shot burning rays as he took two strides toward the State's attorney and gesticulated with superb vigor, a menace in every motion, the vial coruscating like an enormous emerald in his hand.

"Be careful! Be careful!" cried Hunt, shrinking and dodging, "the stopper's out of that bottle!"

There was a large pine table between the opposing lawyers, and upon this lay a small whitish fragment like a bit of chalk or limestone. Nobody had observed it.

"Be careful, I tell you!" almost screamed the frightened and writhing Hunt. "You'll spill it! I tell you you'll spill it!"

"Call me murderer, have me arrested, I care not," roared the great advocate,

oblivious of anything save his own eloquence. "I have a sacred duty to perform in this court-room, and no power under the blue vault of heaven can prevent my doing it!" He shook the vial, unconsciously it was evident, but with supreme defiance, over the table at the State's attorney.

'Squire Spivy leaped backward spasmodically, and almost upset one of the State's co-counsel.

"No, sir, you can not do it," the great advocate bellowed; "I will not submit to it! Before I will give up my liberty and let my client fall a helpless victim to your desire for slaughter by the gallows, I will," his imposing figure swelled and his countenance irradiated desperation, "yes, sir, I will demonstrate the power of this," he shook the vial savagely, "of this deadly fluid!" His chest tones made the building vibrate, while the stillness was like something palpable.

There is a law by which the deepest current of human feeling, held for a certain period at eddy, rises suddenly and breaks all bounds. A thousand men will, on the moment's impulse, take fright as one. It is a stampede of feeling toward a common act.

Somewhere near the center of the court-room an individual disturbed the stagnant audience by a struggle, at the same time uttering a cry of abject fright. The voice sounded like Paddy Dineen's, gurgling desperately: "Le'me out, bedad, quick!"

Simultaneously with this the great advocate shouted at the State's attorney:

"Away with your malicious threats! I defy them and you!"

He brought down his hand from on high with a swinging gesture and a tiny spurt of the green liquid leaped from the vial and fell upon the whitish substance in the center of the table.

Hunt yelled forth a phrase of vehement warning. There was a broad, pale flash, a subtly energetic detonation, and a thin, expansive whirl of purple smoke which enveloped the State's attorney and swiftly widened through the air, smiting everybody with a smell of imminent danger.

Instantly the crowd moved with a surge that rocked the old temple of justice to its mud-sills. There was a multitudinous, choking rage of voices. The little judge flung himself from the bench and tore his way to a window; the sheriff ran almost over the State's attorney, who in turn bore down and trampled upon 'Squire Spivy.

It so chanced that no one was seriously hurt in the mad crush. The courtroom emptied itself by way of windows and doors, heaping men upon men criss-cross, kicking, growling and furiously clawing the air, like desperate beasts. Last of all, stately, imposing, his face wearing a sublimely injured and regretful look, stalked forth the great advocate. The crowd picked itself up and looked at itself in amazement. What had happened? and how had it come to pass? Men rearranged their clothes and wiped the dust out of their eyes, then glared at one another as if to say: who is scared?

Then came a husky, maudlin voice from across the street:

"H'lo there! w'at's er masser? Who's been er fightin'?" it hiccupped crappulously.

Eyes turned in that direction saw Bloat Jack leaning out of a window over Hunt's law office. His face was purple and his lips writhing with a frothy smile.

"Say!" he shouted when he saw 'Squire Spivy limping along; "say, 'squire, tell Mark Hunt ter come'n l'me out'n yer. I want er drink! Er—say, who shot ye, 'squire? Bleedin' much?"

Nobody thought of Mowbry. He had been lost in the scuffle, and, indeed, he was never seen again, never heard of.

"I reckon that Abbott must have let a drop of that stuff fall on our client," Hunt was fond of saying in after years. "But," he would add with a wink, we tried it on Bloat Jack, and it never made him flinch. He smacked his lips and begged for more! Got my thousand dollars too easy, the old scamp!"

'Squire Spivy always insisted that he peeped through the key-hole of the room over the law office and saw "w'at looked 'dxac'ly like w'at I said I saw." But it was frequently more than hinted, by certain persons, that financial ointment poured by counsel for the defense sharpened Spivy's vision. The State's attorney was never heard to discuss the outcome.

Russell Woolworth Abbott went back to New York city bearing fresh honors and presumably a fat fee.

"An' the devil's own liyur wuz he," said Paddy Dineen; "Oi broke me nick twice a gittin' out o' that court-house, bedad!"

## SYMPATHY.

BY EVALEEN STEIN.

I HAD not thought this time a year ago  
That shrined to-day within my heart would be  
Such treasure as thy friendship giveth me;  
My skies are bluer in thy light, and so  
All beauty, truth, all gracious things that grow,  
I see with clearer vision, knowing thee;  
Thy golden being seemeth as the key  
To ways wherein I long had yearned to go.

And as to me thy joys such gladness bring,  
So does thy sorrow wring my heart with pain!  
O dearest heart, I find no voice to sing!  
Thy grief is mine, and till it pass again,  
I bow my head like silent birds that wing  
'Round a bruised blossom burdened by the rain.



Wm. Wendt, Chicago.

After Winter's Night.

Exhibition Chicago Society of Artists.

## CHICAGO ARTISTS' EXHIBITION.

BY EMMA CARLETON.

WHENEVER the Chicago Society of Artists has offered a free threshold to the art-loving public the hospitality and the entertainment have been of gracious character and of acknowledged interest and merit; but it is widely conceded that the seventh annual Spring exhibition—held this season from May 21st to June 10th, in the studio of Lorado Taft, sculptor—has been the best exposition of paintings yet made by this art organization. Indeed, this exhibition may almost be interpreted to have marked the beginning of a distinct epoch in Chicago art-life; the points of departure being a recognized advance over previous exhibits in originality of theme and expression, and the fact that the honors of the event—the prizes given by Mr. C. T. Yerkes—have, for the first time, been awarded to women-artists. The Yerkes' prizes—a first prize \$300 and second prize \$200

—have now been offered for four years, the only condition attached being that the artist whose work is presented in competition shall have been a resident of Chicago for one year. For three seasons the prize-glory and its substantial expression have been won by male members of the Chicago Society of Artists; but this year has found these tokens of appreciation attached to Miss Pauline Dohn's "Portrait" and Mrs. Alice Kellogg Tyler's "Portrait," the former winning the first, the latter the second prize, although neither successful competitor for these prizes has membership in the society of artists whose vote determined the awards.

Awards of the Yerkes' art-prizes have in the three previous years been attached to paintings by the following artists: In 1892 Oliver Dennett Grover won the first prize on the picture "Thy Will Be Done;" and John H.



O. D. Grover, Chicago.

A Strike.

Exhibition Chicago Society of Artists

Vanderpoel the second on "Twilight Reveries." The first prize of 1893 was given to E. A. Burbank's "His Favorite Pastime," and the second to "Sunlit Path" by Wm. Wendt. In 1894 the winning artists were Charles E. Boutwood on "A Pleasant Interruption," and H. L. Roecker, whose picture was "Sunlight and Shadow."

In this exhibition of 1895, more than one hundred paintings and pieces of sculpture were shown, and the list of exhibitors included a trifle over fifty names. Among the pictures, naturally, the prize paintings are the first attractions. Miss Dohn's portrait of her sister is one which would be anywhere noticeable. It is painted with that deft, intelligent care and freedom which mark the skilled artist hand. The pose and garb are graceful, and, though intentionally modern and picturesque, are not obtrusively so; while the light billowness of the large sleeves—the shimmer of the yellow fabric under the filmy black lace—charm even minor criticism into complete and grateful endorsement. As a painting and as a portrait Miss Dohn's prize achievement is refined and brilliant. An original painting, and a good contrast, as

well as parallel, in merit and attractiveness, is Mrs. Tyler's portrait of a man. It is a head and shoulder portrait, but the subject is handled with genuine life, and the treatment shows character-insight, as well as strong, clever, confident technique. Miss Dohn and Mrs. Tyler are on the roster of the Chicago Palette Club, and are recognized as valuable and forceful members of the art world.

Miss Pauline H. Dohn is a graduate of the Art Institute of Chicago, and at present one of the instructors at that art school. Her art-knowledge and experience has been acquired in Paris under Boulanger, Lefebvre and Courtois, and this summer season she will spend in Holland, pursuing the perfection of her technique under Melcher, the Detroit artist, who is now abroad.

Mrs. Alice Kellogg Tyler has for a number of years been recognized as one of the strongest women artists of the West. She also has studied in Paris under Boulanger and Courtois, and paints with a strength and individuality which are distinctive. In all art circles of Chicago the genius and finished work of these successful women artists is being discussed, and even the



*Pauline Dohn, Chicago.*

*A Portrait.*

*Exhibition Chicago Society of Artists.*

temperately prophetic visionary may forecast the time when they shall have high rank among the prominent artists of the nation.

In spite of all controversy, paintings which touch the actualities of life, and which have a story to tell, will always allure; consequently, no other picture in this seventh exhibition has been more closely studied and admired than "The Cow-boy's Burial," by R. Lorenz, of Milwaukee. It is a large canvas, expressing a distinctively American

theme. On the broad loneliness of the Western prairie, amid the coarse, high grass, has been rudely rounded-over the grave of the cow-boy, with a rough, wooden cross to consecrate the spot. While one comrade mounts, the other is already horsed, and calls the dogs preparatory to departure. The cow-boy's gun is strapped to the saddle, and his horse, with drooping mien, is led by the bridle, while the culminating touch of pathetic detail is shown in the dejected attitude of the faithful dog, which





*J. H. Meakin, Cincinnati.*

*Exhibition Chicago Society of Artists.*

*Old Gateway of Antibes.*

lingers by the new grave, refusing to go, and unable to comprehend the mystery which has befallen his master. The painting is eloquently free from affectation, and instinct with the artist's reverent attitude toward his subject. Although the dun, gray dreariness of the atmospheric background harmonizes effectively with the sombre subject, yet the student of the picture irresistibly desires a stronger glow in the evening sky to enhance the foreground of gloomy incident; that one touch more which would, by contrast, make expression perfection.

On the same original subject-line as "The Cow-boy's Burial," but with more of the essential atmospheric quality, are the small paintings shown by F. Reaugh. "The O Round-Up" is enjoyably novel and fresh as to theme,

and, even on so limited a canvas, is treated with great suggestiveness and truth. Across a boundless, breezy plain surge and sweep a vast billowy sea of tossing horns and the forms of heavy, lumbering beasts—the rank and file of driven cattle on the Western ranches. The long, level stretches of blue sky and brown earth in the distance, the motley, herded rows of many-colored cattle, the picturesquely decked and mounted cattlemen, the life and movement of the occupation represented—its wildness, harsh toil, and deprivations—are set forth with a vital force and fullness which appeal vividly and powerfully to the mid-land imagination. With equal fidelity of technique and artistic sympathy with nature in her stormy moods are painted "The Winter Rain" and "In the Rain;"



*T. C. Steele, Indianapolis.*

*A Winter Morning.*

*Exhibition Chicago Society of Artists.*



Wm. Wendt, Chicago.

The Mill Race.

Exhibition Chicago Society of Artists.

while "Mid-day," by the same artist, is an uncommonly pleasing and appreciative interpretation of sunlight and shadow.

Of the entire exhibition the great majority of themes treated are those inspired by what Robert Louis Stevenson has felicitously termed "God's out-of-doors;" and among these "A Passing Shadow," by H. G. Maratta, appeals strongly to human interest and to artistic approval. Across the gold and green of a moist spring landscape lies the visible, darkening mantle of an invisible cloud, high in air. The light foreground, the undimmed edges of the field, the obscured brightness of the middle distance, the suggested hush in nature under the overhanging shadow, the vista vanishing into forest and far-away fields, are all well done—accomplished in design and imaginative in expression. Fine out-door quality is also observed in "The Birth of Spring," an impressionistic interpretation of an awakening nature-mood, which so charms the eye and heart that all cold critical judgment is held in abeyance.

With bold and yet delicate touches of the brush the artist has portrayed the almost bare and ragged trees with their subtle hint of vernal foliage, the timid green verdure at the brook's edge, and the full, dreamy, murmuring current of the woodland stream. The strength and liquescence of the curving brook, the skillful gradation of the reflected trees are further elements of excellence in a painting of equal simplicity and power. Similar in mood and yet a contrast in color and composition is Wm. Wendt's fine landscape "After Winter's Night" a picture full of poetic insight and strong feeling for nature. Mr. Wendt was the winner of a Yerkes' prize in 1893, and has shown a number of beautiful paintings in this exhibition. Of these "The Mill-Race" is a strong picture; the matchless blue sky, the haze of the distance, the luxuriant foliage and its shadows in the mill-pool, all attest the artist's skill in harmony and color.

With these spring-time paintings, "the time of blossoms and glad grass," should properly be classified a charming diminutive picture by M. K. Lusk,



H. G. Maratta, Chicago.

A Passing Shadow.

Exhibition Chicago Society of Artists.

"The Wood Nymph—" a small, coy, wholesome little damsel clad in a green gown, and wearing a blithe green garland on her green-gold locks. On a wee, green background she seems simply to be projected, and there, without further ado, to merely exist; herself her own and sufficient excuse for being.

In good juxtaposition for effective contrast to Spring's vernal nymph is a small canvas by Wm. Schmedtgen, entitled "A High Bird." Although painted on extremely limited space, the autumnal suggestion of this little picture is vital and admirable. The yellow field, the vigilant, poised figure of the huntsman knee-deep in the marsh-grass, the raised and perpendicular gun, the sky and the implication of an invisible bird winging far above danger, are all happy in conception and cleverly presented. In "The Strike" is found another picture of a type dear to the sportsman-heart, painted by O. D. Grover, who also possesses the distinction of having won a Yerkes' prize in 1892. In this deft mingling

of nature and human nature, the distant forest at the water's edge, the foreground of woodland and lake, the tense, alert fisherman playing his rod and reel, the interested mien of the man resting his oars, are all of picturesque and technical quality and interest. The other paintings shown by Mr. Grover in the seventh exhibition are "July" and "A Shady Bank." In the out-door paintings, a strong and yet delicate picture-bijou, on a diminutive canvas, is an "Evening Impression," by O. J. Tyler; a little evening scene, whose soft outlines and indistinct contours melt into the artistic receptivity in a haze of those middle tones of blue, beloved of the sincere impressionists.

The achievements of Chicago artists in portrait-work since their annual exhibition of 1894 show a marked advance over all previous exhibits; and, in this line of composition the seventh exhibition must be recorded as having been particularly strong. All the paintings of this class were characterized by life and originality, and technically



*Lorado Taft, Sculptor, Chicago.*

*Exhibition Chicago Society of Artists.*

*An Old Settler.*

were thoroughly artistic. Inclusive of the Yerkes prize-pictures, not quite a dozen portraits were numbered among the canvases, but, without exception, their high standard was a pronounced feature of the general excellence. One of special charm and interest, notably individual, is C. E. Boutwood's "Portrait: A Sculptor." In this painting the good pose, the expressive feature-work, the careless grace of soft cap and neckerchief, the vital strength of the head and shoulders, and the clever artistry of harmonious coloring are qualities of sound attraction.

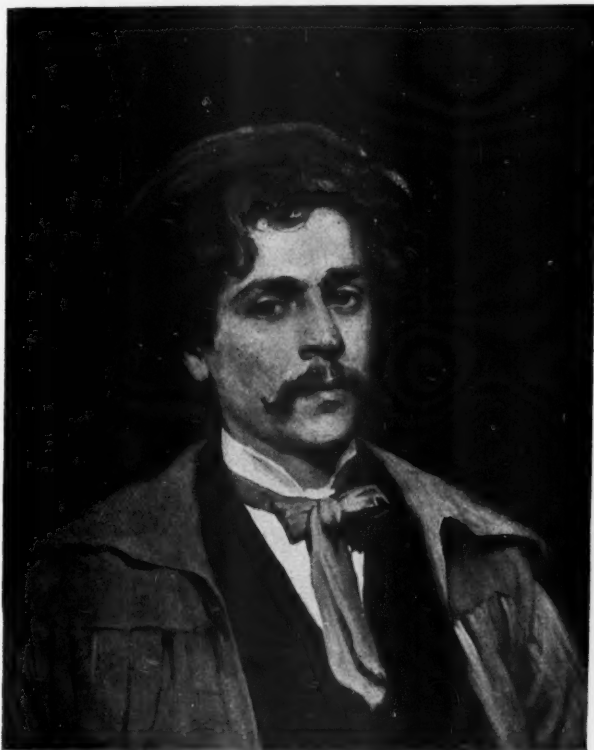
Comparatively a small proportion of

marine-paintings were submitted to the seventh exhibition, and, of these, the honors vibrated between C. T. Browne and W. W. Cowell. Hamblen Sears has cleverly said that the real painter of the sea must be "a little of a poet, something of a philosopher, and one who is an artist;" and in Mr. Browne's restful painting—"The Beach, Moonrise, Cape Ann"—the requisite elements of beauty, of mysterious, unfathomed power, and their skillful transference to canvas are easily apparent. The treatment of the theme is broad, but the sea-spirit is in the brush-touches, and the illumining moon-glimmer on the waves



is particularly good. "Lake Michigan in a Gale" may be set in good contrast to more quiet marines. Mr. Cowell has here faithfully and feelingly shown the turbulent soul of storm—under a heavily clouded sky the grand lines of wave toss and dash themselves into foam against an old pier. The glory and the grandeur of air and water—the storm and stress of battling sea and wind are

was prominent among the pictures that appeal to the feeling and abide in recollection. The small canvas presents a negro lad engaged in his craft of blacking a boot. So intensely serious and absorbed is the face of the boy that the artist's nature-touch in the small, red tongue, protruded and twisted from one corner of the mouth, is in excellent keeping and engagingly diverting. Mr.



C. E. Boutwood, Chicago.

A Sculptor. *Exhibition Chicago Society of Artists.*

here in forceful truthfulness, depicted with fine color-sense and a free hand. But few flower-pieces, strange to say of a Spring exhibition, were noted on the walls, but of these few Beatrice C. Wilcox's "Chrysanthemums" are true in color and refined in texture; while Alice Kellogg Tyler's "Roses" testify to her meritorious brush versatility. In the line of semi-humorous productions, E. H. Burbank's "Shining Up"

Burbank is an admiring, devoted and skilled interpreter of the youthful negro, and will visit the Southern states to make studies and enlarge his knowledge of negro character.

An experienced and gentle thoughtfulness broods on the brow and lips of Lorado Taft's finely idealized head of "An Old Settler," the most distinctive work of the five busts to which this sculptor's name is attached. This

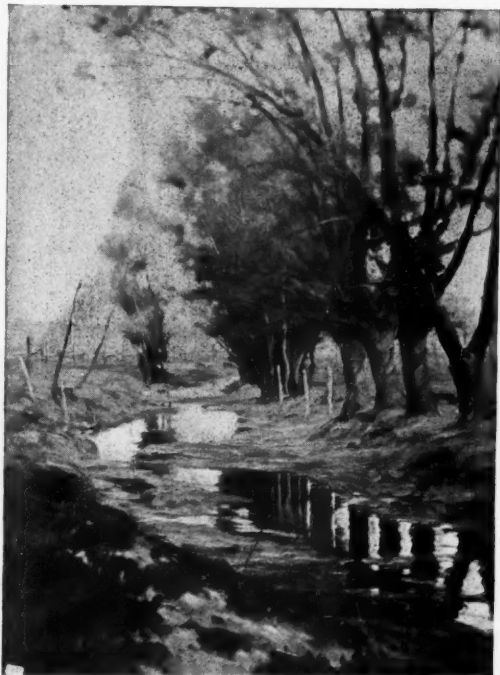
identical old settler has struggled long years with the problems of civilization; he has toiled on with the procession; he has seen some of his "hopes for man take form and fact," and is now resting, with snowy beard and hair, but with calm eyes, in that hopeful serenity with which fortune sometimes awards those who have made of life a good fight. In this strongly modelled bust, Mr. Taft has made realism meet classic beauty with full measure of success. In the "Portrait of Professor D. Swing," and "Relief Sketch of Boys Bathing," Johannes Gelert is skillful in his craft, and other interesting relief and portrait busts were shown by E. H. Wuertz and D. C. Hunter.

Fully up to the tone of general excellence which was pleasantly insistent throughout the entire exhibition were the canvases entered by visiting artists, who were few in number. Four admirable and artistic landscapes were exhibited by T. C. Steele, an Indianapolis artist who is to Indiana field, forest, and stream-nature what poet James Whitcomb Riley is to Indiana human nature—an eloquent and sympathetic interpreter. Without any mannerisms, Mr. Steele's work has individuality to strong recognition point, and in choice of theme and in technique, is refined, truthful and satisfying. "A Winter Morning," "In the Woods" and "Win-

ter Afternoon" are paintings so effective in charm that they could easily become enveloped by the art-lover's fancy and be adopted into a life-time regard. Among the good paintings of L. H. Meakin, Cincinnati, the "Old Gateway of Antibes" appeals strongly to the sense of color and harmony. The towering buildings, the massive crumbling wall, the tunneling arch, and sloping stone roadway are all bathed in the sun-baked, albeit barbaric, reds and yel-

lows which the artist-eye loves, and dwells upon with indescribable enjoyment. In Otto Stark's "The Old Apple Tree" clever and conscientious study of sunlight and shade are finely indicated; and "A Momentary Halt," of J. W. Gies—an old farmer lighting his pipe beside a pump—is the work of a deft and original brush.

In summary of the seventh annual exhibition made by Chi-



F. C. Peyrand, Chicago.

Exhibition Chicago Society of Artists.

The Birth of Spring.

cago artists, the conviction is strong that the attestation of art-advance, of growth in individual style, of general gain in breadth of conception, sentiment and execution expresses much more than a mere local harvest of approval or distinction. To those cognizant of Chicago's art-history and art-aims, these details have far-reaching significance. The art-spirit of Chicago is instinct with an energy and life which promises, in time, to create, vitalize and

electrify art-currents which shall flow and have influence from sea-board to sea-board. Art is no longer the goddess of the Greeks alone—cold, remote, and accessible only to the few and favored. She has stepped from her pedestal, still respecting and revering her devotees called the "old masters," but to join hands in beautiful achievement with an inspiring company of "new masters," in lands far beyond seas. As she is tireless and loves worlds to conquer, she has not tarried to abide in Boston or New York. Although these and other Eastern cities have, perhaps, the prestige of an older art-life and the presence of long-established coteries and associations of artists, the morning-dawn of Art's youngest and freshest ideas radiates from the migratory "star of empire."

Raffaelli said of the Chicago water-color exhibit that it was "stronger than the exhibitions in London." The Central Art Association of America for the promotion of original art, and the spread of art-knowledge in the middle West, had its inception in the minds of Chicago artists and art-lovers; and the equally grand plan of a circulating picture-gallery, to carry art into the homes of the poor, is also an emanation from the overflowing art-ardor of the same city. In an atmosphere so charged with congenial enthusiasm and stimulating emulation—so alert and earnest in generous recognition of the gifts of genius—it is small wonder that art-workers on every line have been inspired to keep bright "the fiery torch," to create in its glow and to speed it on.

## TOODLES ON ART.

BY EDWARD E. HALE, JR.

I SAT with Toodles having afternoon tea. Toodles lived in a very pretty apartment up on the top-story of a house in Paris. The house wasn't on the street; it was a sort of afterthought, as it were, built inside the real house, so that from the balcony one looked down upon a garden with a fountain in it, all remote and far away from the noise of the street and the outer world; not that there was any noise in that particular street, which was really very quiet and narrow, and on the borders of the Faubourg St. Germain.

As for Toodles, she had no special reason for living in the Faubourg St. Germain; she belonged more properly in the Latin Quarter, being rather an adornment of (a small segment of) the world of Art and Letters than of that of Fashion. I had been showing her some photographs of Rembrandt—very large and fine ones they were, (I like fine large photographs better than small ones)—and Toodles enjoyed them very much.

"Some one said that Rembrandt's pictures looked like people looking out of a coal-mine," she remarked, "illuminated by a parlor match. But I think that's not so bad. Of course you don't see everything about 'em; but I should say that was just right. For really we don't as a rule know much more of anybody than we do of these people of Rembrandt's—we catch a few strongly marked features about every one, all aglow it may be, but the rest is rather in darkness. Some people are more like that than others. Now, Nina is very Rembrandtesque. When you're with her, your match keeps going out and leaving you in darkness. I use up a whole box of tapers every time she's here."

Toodles was very fond of pictures, and could paint quite well herself, but I can't say that she knew much of anything about art. I had been showing her these photographs and telling her a good many very interesting things about them. I was in those days a

German student—only I used to come to Paris for the vacations. I was really a student of philosophy, but I had found a fine man at Göttingen, who was lecturing on Rembrandt and knew stacks about him. I had been explaining to Toodles that about half the Rembrandts in the Louvre and at Dresden and at Cassel weren't by Rembrandt at all. That's one of the most interesting things about modern art-criticism. We are only now getting to a point where we can decide such things. The photograph and the railroad are our chief means. In the good old days when you had to depend on vague recollections of your tours about the great galleries and had only a few poor engravings to help your memory, you could without difficulty think anything was a Rembrandt or a Raphael, or whatever else you wanted. But now, when we can have, right before us, all the photographs from every gallery in Europe, it's easy enough to see all the little differences that give such important clues in separating the work of a master and his pupils or the members of the same school. And when there's any doubt—why the next day we can be anywhere and see a new picture with the most vivid recollection of the old one. I once studied the Rembrandts in Cassel, in Dresden, in Vienna in three successive days. So I was showing Toodles that some of these so-called Rembrandts were by Philippe de Koninck and some by Ferdinand Bol.

She was interested to some degree at first, but even at first only to some degree was she interested. Then she became rather irritated, on the whole, I suspect, and said: "Well, anyway, I don't see that it matters so very much whether Rembrandt painted them or not. They're good pictures, they've the essential note of his manner: these points you rely on—this way of Koninck's of painting fur, and Flink's way of painting hands, they're not the things that make the picture. Even if Rembrandt didn't paint them (and I must say I think your argument is none of the strongest) they are really Rembrandts, for they have the Rembrandtesque way of looking at men and women."

I sometimes argue with Toodles, but just now I contented myself with pointing that her position involved a *petitio principii*, for she assumed a knowledge of the Rembrandtesque way of looking at men and women which could only come from looking at work that was really his.

But of this view she took no heed, being busy about making a new brew of tea. Nor did she pay any attention to my view that the reason that she saw the qualities of Rembrandt in a picture by one of his pupils was that she merely imagined them into the picture, an interesting case of auto-hypnotic suggestion.

"Of course you don't think I know much about art," said she, sipping her tea, while I made a cigarette and looked at the Eiffel Tower, which one could see through the door that opened on the balcony. "But I think you're awfully stupid, you and your old art-criticism. I confess that I was pleased to learn that there are really only four genuine Raphaels in the Louvre, for Raphael is a bore. But after all what does it all amount to anyway? You don't get any more real appreciation of what's beautiful by all such stuff. Now, I sit and listen to you because you are a nice fellow and I like you, but it isn't everybody that would."

I sat down and took another cup of tea and waited for more.

"You see, Yorick, you haven't got very much artistic insight; in fact, you haven't any at all. You're a scholar, you are, and I'm sure I'm proud of you for that, and think that's a good thing to be. But you're no artist, and you haven't the first trace of artistic feeling. So when you get into a picture gallery, the first thing you do is to rummage up a lot of things to study about; for if you didn't you wouldn't have anything to do at all. If you didn't import your questions and investigations and things into the Louvre you'd be bored to death, because you haven't anything else, and would just be like any ordinary traveler who travels through all the galleries with his eyes fixed on his guide-book."

I suspected there might be some truth to this, so I was interested in it. I had heard something of the same sort from Toodles before.

"No," said she, "you don't ever have the genuine thrill when you see something that goes just to the right spot. In fact, you haven't any right spot for it to go to. So you just fumble up a lot of stuff and look at a lot of details, and pore over it, and all the real thing escapes you. You are just like a professor of literature, a sort of back-side-foremost Ezekiel. He made the dry bones alive, but you turn these living things into dry bones. Then you make the poor things rattle, and you think you've done something great. You talk about studying Rembrandt in Cassel and Dresden and Vienna. Why, you never really saw a picture of Rembrandt's in all your days; nor of anyone else, either."

"H'm!" said I, "I must say, though, Toodles, that I think it's quite as well to do this sort of thing as it is to bother yourself about your chromatics and optics. I'm sure I don't know who is importing science into art if you are not."

For Toodles, it may be remarked, was a zealous student of Rood and Chevreuil, and had fitted up a little laboratory (in a closet), where she decomposed white light and made it fall on colored paper, and through wine-glasses and things, and then went and painted pictures all out of little dots of different colors that nobody could bear to look at, so that she had to send them to the Independents.

But she merely smiled blandly at this remark of mine. "Oh, you won't get me to take up the cudgels for the pointellistes. But that's a very different thing. The thing with you is, that you don't see anything in a picture except something to argue about. But I'm different. I don't want to argue or to study about a picture, or about anything else. I hate it. But I see such things; why, right out there"—the sun was very bright that day outside—"such things as make me stiffen up all over, and I get crazy to paint 'em. And when I do, it's all muddy

and tedious. But I think this is a way out of it. I just study as a means to express the life that I feel. But you take expressions of life just as a means for study. You seem to think that art is a lot of things to know. That's why I say you haven't a trace of the artistic temperament."

I love to hear Toodles talk. She is very pretty, you know, and quite fond of me, and she sat up on a sort of divan and forgot her tea and glowed with enthusiasm as she arraigned me.

"You people are just as bad as—as, you're just as bad as the women's clubs in Oshkosh. Nellie just sent me the program of the Nineteenth Century Club of Oshkosh. Here we are," and she fished something out of a pile of rubbish and read:

"October 15th, 'A Chat about Raphael,' Mrs. Whanks. October 29th, 'Rambles in the Uffizi,' Mrs. Burnbaum. November 12th, 'Michael Angelo and the Marble Fawn,' Mrs. Fanbury; and so forth. Pretty stuff, isn't it?"

"What's Nellie's paper about?" I inquired.

"Musings on Sacred Masterpieces," said she.

"I'm glad we're not there to hear it," said I.

"Only fancy," said she. "But you needn't talk. You're no better yourself. You're worse in a way. These people can't do anything better. It's awfully vulgar, perhaps, but they don't know any better. Well, you don't know any better, either, as far as art is concerned, but you can do better things, all the same, if you'd only leave art alone. I think your pet metaphysics and things, and all about the brain of woman is fine. I wish you wouldn't bother about art."

"You see," she went on, almost sadly, "art is such a fine thing. It means that you get a lot out of what's round about everywhere, because you see how beautiful it all is. But you and the women at home don't know or care anything about that. You don't know whether there's anything beautiful round or not. You're just sort of mediaevalists, you are; just sort of insects feeding on a beautiful past;



sort of buffalo-bugs eating up old tapestry. You couldn't exist as you are if there hadn't been something splendid for you to bring to nothingness and commonplace. I sometimes resolve never to paint again when I think what may happen to my pictures."

And with this she jumped up from

the divan and stepped out on the balcony. I followed her.

"Oh," she said, "there's Jack! Hullo, boy!" she cried, leaning over and looking down six stories, where Jack was crossing the court-yard, with a bottle of green chartreuse under his arm. Jack was her husband.

## TANTRY BOGUS.

DONE IN SEPIA.

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.

THAT wasn't his real name. He remembered that he had had another, but he had forgotten it. His mother had told him that he was a puny, trifling child, and, instead of cowering, he had moaned through infancy as though the burden of living was more than he could bear. His master had looked long and earnestly at the ugly bit of brown humanity sleeping in its cradle; and then said with a laugh that it was a "poor chance," but he "reckoned he would live as long as Tantry Bogus did—and he lived till he died."

"And what did he die of, Ole Marse?" the old crone in charge asked eagerly.

"For want of breath," was the laconic reply.

So the name of intention faded from memory and gave place to the name of circumstance.

Tantry Bogus had outlived his era, his generation, his owners and his past. His niche in the present seemed mockingly at second hand, and fitted him as poorly as the cast-off clothes he wore. He had been in Memphis since the close of the war, whither he had drifted after the death of "Old Marse," who had died as the original Tantry Bogus had done, "for want of breath"—and the courage to struggle after disaster had swept away his all. Though he had allied his fortunes with those of "Old Marse," Tantry Bogus had had

no need to "Shout, shout the battle-cry of freedom" when it came; for he had held the bill of sale to himself, in his own name, ever since the day that he was twenty-one, as a reward, "Ole Marse" said, "for having made the best of a bad bargain in life." So Memphis had known him for many years, and though Tantry Bogus was a Jack-at-all-trades, his "profession" was white-washing. He had his special patrons in season—no others need apply. Outside the charmed circle, the grass might grow waist-deep, but Tantry's sickle would be called in vain. With the first crocus and jonquil came whitewash brush and hoe, for on his route old Tantry opened spring. Later came bundles of sassafras, "ter clar de chill'uns blood," and over the red tea many a childish lip forgot to curl, as "Uncle Tantry" brought it.

As the seasons came and went, in due time came blackberries, wild goose plums and figs, rich, big black muscadines and fox grapes, pop-corn strings and ripe persimmons, comfrey, catnip and calamus; and last, the crowning boon, sodear to childish memory, yeast cans all heaping full of sweet gum, white and fragrant, all free from bark, but, oh! so sticky, from the swamps.

Such searchings through clothes press and cedar chest there were on each expected visit; for Tantry Bogus dealt with his white people in his own coin,

and scorned the lucre of the treasury. When there was not a shoe or a coat or a shirt for currency, and many a Duck Club member missed his good third best—the wide brown nostrils spread in high contempt: "I nebber takes my pay in money, Miss!—I'll wait twelve ole Marse shucks dem broad-clorf pants."

What mattered it that Judge G.'s trousers hung like skirts upon the quaint unshapely legs, that Parson D.'s full circular still held a Presbyterian dogma in its folds, or Doctor S.'s waistcoat kept the curve of many an ample dinner justified? His "white folks'" pantries paid him willing toll, when half-worn raiment failed; and so he lived, as many another of God's sparrows lives, and probably fared better than many a one who thrived by "taking thought."

But Tantry Bogus had a secret woe; other negroes shunned him. With them he found no fellowship or cheer. The little cabin near the river bank was dark and lonely in the twilight hours; China-Berry Row had its joys and sorrows, but its joys were not for Tantry Bogus. Only the sick, too poor to pay, knew the soothing of his herbs and teas; only the wretched, too miserable to laugh, and forgotten by others, spoke the welcome the old heart yearned to hear; and they, too, would forget, when pain forgot to gnaw. His "white folks" cared for him, the children laughed to see him coming—but oh, the love withheld, the kindly fellowship that comes from one's own own!

They said that Tantry Bogus was a "hoodoo." He had nobody; he had even hoodooed the girl who was going to marry him, and she died. "Oh, a long time ago—'fore Dan Limber dar was borned—an' he was borned fo' year come Forf July, 'fore de yaller fever come fust." He came and went among them in the Beal street market on Saturday night, bought the cat-fish for his Sunday dinner and the tiny mess of greens, for he would give and take money with a negro, but their jokes were not for him. Later, when the "Negro Bowery," Beal street, was ablaze, he stalked among them, silent, solitary.

They played their petty games of chance, ate, laughed and drank; and 'ere the Sabbath dawn, police would raid their low crap dives, but Tantry Bogus was not found, for he had not been asked.

One day old Tantry Bogus' brush was missed, and Spring had come in earnest, too. Then his patrons read the news across the breakfast table; and somehow the sassafras tea strangled, and buttered waffles stuck in little throats, Uncle Tantry was in jail!—and the choke wouldn't go down. This was what they heard:

"Another mysterious death has occurred in the southwestern part of the city, familiarly known as 'China Berry Row,' inhabited mostly by negroes. A negro woman, unattended by a regular physician, died yesterday under peculiar circumstances. Suspicion points to an old herb and root seller called Tantry Bogus, whom the negroes also accuse of being a hoodoo. The old negro has been arrested and the authorities are investigating the case."

Fathers, in the interest of domestic peace, made rash promises of bail; and one small boy, more brave, though not more earnest than the others, slipped off from school to attend the trial, for the grand jury had found an indictment.

The morning was close with the first spring heat, and the air of the courtroom was dense, packed with curious negroes from every quarter of the city. Dishes were waiting to be washed, floors to be swept, dinners to be cooked, but the trial must be heard. They were waiting for Tantry Bogus, and with his dim eyes looking out beyond the troublous present, dazed but calm, he walked down the long aisle, leading by the hand the little truant, whose big blue eyes were full of unshed tears.

The witnesses were prolix and tiresome, and most of the testimony was thrown out as irrelevant. Throughout, the old man's eyes were fixed, but his lips moved silently, and now and again he patted the little boy's hand.

At last a witness was called for the State, whose name made the accused man start—the mother of the dead girl herself, and she was for the State!

The girl was her daughter, she said. Had been sick off and on for a long time (in answer to a question), but lately she had gotten worse. She had no money to pay a doctor, and had accepted the services of Tantry Bogus, who was always "hankerin' arter sick folks." He furnished his own medicines. No, he made no charges. He gave her some "yarb truck," and she got better at first; then she went down, and he cooked something in a saucepan and stirred it for an hour and gave it to her. He didn't tell what it was—he never would tell—it breaks the charm. For the next two or three days Tantry Bogus was sick, or said he was sick, and didn't come to her house. He didn't send any medicine either, he said he wasn't well enough to make it and wouldn't trust anybody else to do it, and yesterday the girl died. "But he's er hoodoo." Here the voice rose, encouraged by a murmur of approbation in the midst of the dusky crowd: "An' he kilt my gal, an' I wants him hung!" Order was called. "Dar 'was ropes er cotton in de bed tick an' er bunch er feddern tied up in de middle arter she died." "Yas, sir, I has seen hoodoos wid my own eyes. I knows 'em. I knowed er 'oman in Loosiany wid er hoodoo 'gater in her arm what never stirred in de winter, an' when hit got hot, 'ud work twel hit give her fits. An' I see er hoodoo right in dis here Memphis take ersnake, er reglar sarpint, out'n er 'oman's laig, an' she kep hit in er bottle er whiskey." "No, sir (in answer to question), I nebber see dis here man do hit, but he kin."

The witness was then dismissed, and the judge then asked the State's attorney if he had any more witnesses. He said he had not. The court then directed the clerk to enter a "*nol pros*," and turning to the pitiful defendant, bade the old man "go home."

Another case was called, but still he lingered. It wasn't clear to him. He only knew that his side had not been heard and that he had been ordered out.

"The court is done with you, why don't you get out and make room for

somebody else?" someone said roughly.

The old man rose, as if walking in a dream, and taking the little truant by the hand, sadly left the scene of his disgrace. Once apart from the world, he sat and mused, and one big round tear, wrung somehow from the pitiful depths, rolled down the brown cheek, and silently the little child dried it with his handkerchief.

Tantry Bogus was never the same after that. The world was more of a misfit than ever, for China Berry Row, cheated of a great sensation, grew more and more oppressive. Even the work of a Samaritan had failed. None were too ill or too poor to fling a taunting epithet at the supposed "hoodoo;" and so his ministrations ceased.

"He wuks de charm wid sumpen he w'ars roun' his nake, in er leetle red bag. I see hit wunst."

"He hatter mix hit wid new-borned baby blood," whispered another, and the noisy little negroes at the other end of the row were frightened with "Ef you don't shet up, Tantry Bogus come and git you!"

It is to be doubted if all of his oppressors believed the accusations. Some did, and for the sake of the persecution, the credulity of the more superstitious was worked upon by the more intelligent among them.

Tantry Bogus had friends. His "white people" were good and true, but he was an alien, and they were not his own! They couldn't understand the position, he argued. Here, he was publicly charged with murder, a dozen witnesses had appeared against him, and still he had not had a trial; no one defended him, but they told him to go home, they didn't even think he was worth hanging.

"God knows I got er white heart," he moaned to himself, "but my wuks hain't cl'ar 'fore man!"

He took to frequenting the court house, hoping to hear his name called for trial, and men were sentenced, and men were cleared, but they never called "Tantry Bogus." Now and again, with eager face, he approached a passing official.

"Will my trial come up to-day?"

"You haven't any case, old man."

Day after day it was always the same. They said he didn't even have a case, but they might be mistaken, he thought.

"I gotter cl'ar my wuks 'fore man." The spring-time came again, but Tantry Bogus had almost given up his "profession." He had only time to haunt the criminal court, listening and watching with painful interest.

"I wants er trial; I'se waitin' fur 'em ter call hit," was the burden of his thought; the poor old brain was mixed at last, with dwelling on his trouble. Each time the earnest face turned away with such a hopeless disappointment that a kind official took to giving him slips of paper "from the court," telling him to bring them back, only at stated intervals, each with a longer time between. So Tantry Bogus was better satisfied, and he went about his work again, though with a heavy heart. His "white folks" could not make him understand why he had no trial, but was free; but they believed in him.

He was resting from his grass-cutting, it made him blow now, for his breath was short and difficult. "I don't want no dinner, Miss, but I'se 'bleeged. I don't want nuffin' but er trial, now. I jes' set wid de chillen erwhile 'fore I goes; 'pears dey's glad I come."

"Miss" turned away her face. The old figure was so changed.

"Better come eat some dinner, Uncle Tantry, roast pig, you know," she said, temptingly.

"Thankee, Miss, I couldn't eat

'possum now; you kin 'jes git dat black coat, Miss, you kep fur me."

He held the black coat in his hands, hesitating. "It's not as good as I wish it was, Uncle Tantry," said "Miss" in apology. "I'll try to do better next time."

"Hit hain't dat, Miss, I hain't as good as I was, nuther." He looked way out into the grass where his sickle lay, and where the roses were in bloom.

"Miss," he said softly, "When I dies, an' I gittin' mighty po'ly, will yo' pin er leetle yaller rose, wid yo' own hands on dis here coat?"

"I will, Uncle Tantry, but you're not going to die; cheer up! That's all nonsense!"

"Maybe it is, but I got yo' promise."

The ghost at the Court-house was more and more of a shadow, the pleading was more and more of a whispered prayer. At last they missed him, and his "white folks" went to find him.

So the light went out, the trial had come at last, Tantry Bogus' works should be cleared in the sight of men and a little child wept beside him.

Before the grave was closed, in the midst of a dusky assembly, his "white folks" opened the little crimson bag, by Tantry's last request. A small tin salve-box lay within. The loosened top rolled off. A passing breeze blew from the box a tiny clip of woolly hair, the crisp brown petals of a shattered rose; and, underneath, face down, a faded tin-type lay, the features of the promised wife he lost so long ago, the picture of his "leetle gal that died."



## LOCALISM IN LITERATURE.

BY JAMES L. ONDERDONK.

THE aphorism that poetry is the first, and art the last born of the Muses, is not altogether applicable to America. It is true we wrote verses a hundred years before we painted pictures, but the works of our native-born artists were recognized and appreciated abroad, while our singers had to remain content with a home audience. The masterpieces of our Wests, Copleys, Stuarts, and Trumbulls still find admirers, though the achievements of their literary compatriots have been allowed to slumber. During the formative period of our history, the artistic found a higher development than did the literary spirit. Our highest mental activities were directed to questions of war and statecraft, and our greatest æsthetic achievements were in the works of our artists. Yet the truly creative painter is necessarily a poet, though he adopts a different medium from that of the verse-writer. The best creations of West and Copley certainly appeal to the imagination far more strongly than do the contemporary epics like "The Columbiad" and "The Conquest of Canaan." Emmons's poem, in four volumes, on the war of 1812, is as unfamiliar to the present generation as is the grammatical treatise by Didymus in two thousand books.

Though our early artists naturally sought more congenial surroundings than the perturbed conditions of their native land could offer, America is justly entitled to claim their fame. The Puritan spirit of colonial Boston was well nigh as fatal to Copley's aspirations as the Quaker prejudices of Philadelphia had threatened to be to those of West. But both artists had been imbued with a true American spirit. When West broke away from conventional canons and, to the admiration of Sir Joshua Reynolds, proved that classicism was not essential to true art, he wrought an artistic revolution which,

like the subject of his painting, was thoroughly American.

The alleged analogies between literature and art do not always hold true. Our early writers were constantly complaining that the want of a "literary atmosphere" was the real reason why literature failed to flourish in America. Whether wilfully or not, they ignored the palpable truism that the so-called atmosphere is the creature, instead of the creator, of culture. If the beginnings of American letters lingered behind art, it was not because of the environment. Genuine literature will make itself felt, and sooner or later compel a recognition where art might languish. It was, indeed, said of Ovid that when he went into exile among the barbarians near the mouth of the Danube, he left his genius behind him, that the change to the wilderness was fatal to his literary talents. But it is significant that the greater part of the first notable English translation of this author was composed under circumstances somewhat similar to those which proved so disastrous to the Latin poet himself. Nothing could be more alien to a "literary atmosphere" than the disturbed condition of the Jamestown settlement during its second decade. It was one of the most hopeless periods in the colony's history. Internal dissensions, Indian outrages, disease and famine had become common. Amid such surroundings was cast the lot of George Sandys, the gentle dreamer and accomplished scholar. Deprived of all that makes life attractive to one of his instincts, associated with uncongenial adventurers, constantly threatened by barbaric foes, with an ocean between him and all that he most prized, he never lost heart. The task begun by him in England was completed in the American wilderness. The last ten of the fifteen books of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* were translated in the Jamestown colony; and in



this effort of Sandys, published in London in 1626, is embodied the New World's first contribution to genuine literature. The work continued to be read for more than a century, was praised by Thomas Fuller, Dryden and Pope, and in spite of some crudities and archaisms remains readable at this day.

In strong contrast with the indomitable spirit of Sandys was that of an American born and bred a century and a quarter later. James Ralph, a native of the Pennsylvania colony, having literary aspirations, left America in disgust, hoping to find more congenial society in the Old World. Failing to receive substantial recognition in his efforts to rival Shakspeare, he wrathfully wrote: "There is hardly a page in the annals of the world which does not seem to show that wit and money have always been at war, and always treated one another with reciprocal contempt. Perhaps only for this reason, that the man of money could acquire everything but ideas, and the man of wit's ideas could never acquire him money."

The literary atmosphere of cultured London could no more develop Ralph into a genius than could the provincial atmosphere of Philadelphia. The Pennsylvanian's ambitious epics, tragedies, and histories have long since been entirely forgotten; and if he himself is remembered at all, it is as the only American who experienced the unenviable distinction of being pilloried in Pope's *Dunciad*.

Another instance to be drawn from the history of American literature is that of a writer of the present century whose works are now almost as little read as those of Sandys or Ralph, but who, at one time, was regarded as the destined leader of American poets. The uncongeniality of American life was to him a source of constant complaint. As late as 1853 he wrote: "I cannot feel in sympathy with what is distinctively American in us. All I can say is, I wish my country were better than it is—less blustering, boastful, grasping, sharp, vulgarly ostentatious, less absorbed in things physical, less dead of sense to finer natures. I'm patriot enough for that, thank God!

but there my patriotism ends." And in the following year he complained: "My heart has always yearned for old England; less, to be sure, after the reform bill and the death of Coleridge, but still the feeling is strong. I do wish well to my country, and trust that the Lord will lift it up at last." Yet, even at the time the elder Dana was uttering these despairing comments, Irving and Hawthorne, Emerson and Longfellow, whose dispositions were fully as sensitive and refined as his own, had succeeded in creating an appreciative audience for themselves, even under the deplorable conditions confronting the author of "The Buccaneer."

It was Emerson who, half a century ago, declared that we had no genius in America, "with tyrannous eye," to detect the value of our incomparable materials, and see in the barbarism and materialism of the times "another carnival of the same gods," whose pictures are so much admired in the time of Homer, the Middle Ages or the Reformation. Modern contentions and systems are flat and dull to dull people, "but rest on the same foundations of wonder as the town of Troy and the temple of Delphos, and are as swiftly passing away. Our log-rolling, our stumps and their politics, our fisheries, our negroes and Indians, our boats, our repudiations, the wrath of rogues and the pussillanimity of honest men, the Northern trade, the Southern planting, the Western clearing, Oregon and Texas, are yet unsung. Yet America is a poem in our eyes; its ample geography dazzles the imagination, and it will not wait long for meters."

During the French revolution, Bertrand Barère flung his taunt at England as a nation of shop-keepers, though Burns and Cowper were still living, and Rogers, Wordsworth, Scott, Coleridge, Landor and Campbell had already begun to show signs of genius. Leigh Hunt, borrowing the Frenchman's idea, many years afterward, described the United States as a gigantic counter stretched along the Atlantic seaboard. Singularly enough, when Barère uttered his fling at England,

that country was already entering upon a creative literary period, just as America, when Hunt followed his example, was already creating a literature of her own. The nation of shop-keepers, and its American off-shoot of counter-jumpers, happily may still boast of some ideals in life and literature which can hardly be explained upon any purely commercial theory.

The time-worn reproaches against American literature are first that it does not fully reflect American civilization, and second that it is imitative and European instead of being something unique and indigenous. The latter charge, it may be assumed, will continue to be made as long as Americans persist in speaking the English language, in adhering to the elementary principles of English jurisprudence, and developing a civilization sprung for the most part from English sources. Thought must be more or less influenced by language, custom, and what we call civilized society; and literature, as the expression of thought, must necessarily partake of its environment. The former charge, however, so frequently repeated, that our literature is not representatively American, is untrue. From the time of the first ballad by an American colonist in 1610, declaring "We hope to found a nation where none before hath stood," up to the present day, the civilization and social life are fairly well represented in the literature, and especially the verse, of each period. If our literature was imitative, so was our civilization. The eras of settlement and colonization, of Indian wars, of the premonitory mutterings and trying ordeals of the Revolution, of the contest for nationality, of the development of the union, of the long struggles for social and political reforms, of the civil war and the principles involved, all may be traced in the verse of each successive generation, unreadable as much of that verse is today. Through all, it was characteristic of America as her career was steadily advancing. During, let us say, the thirty-one years following the publication of Longfellow's first volume of verse, from 1839 to 1870, the great bulk

of American poetry of merit was produced. Politically it was an epoch of conflict and unrest. The clash of great ideas in matters of war and statesmanship, the ceaseless anti-slavery agitations, the rise and fall of attempted social reforms, the beginnings of great material and mechanical changes, the opening of the far West—all these were profound educators, stimulating men's intellectual activities to the utmost. Americanism had grown to mean something more than patriotic platitudes. How long those that we now regard as our greatest poets will live in the memory of men, it is, of course, idle to consider. But the true historian, looking back upon those times, will discern in these singers fit types of the higher aspirations, hopes and ideals of intellectual America.

Naturally enough, with a more firmly cemented union as a result of the subsidence of the war spirit, and in accord with the suggestions of the closing years of our first century as a nation, the sentiment of nationalism broadened and developed, and American literature ceased to be local. The new West, that had been forging ahead with its phenomenal growth, became an appreciative force in American letters. The South, awakening from its long literary lethargy, began to furnish, in a manner worthy of itself, its contributions of song and story, as well as works of a more substantial character in the way of history and science. If in 1870 our younger writers failed to show the promise of their forerunners at a corresponding age, in the former generation, the broad national diffusion of the literary spirit was, in some degree, a compensation. Though Whitman for fifteen years had been protesting against over-refinement in literature, few heeded him. Yet there was undoubtedly an instinctive revulsion among the reading public against the prevailing superficial elegance; and our poets of realism, headed by Bret Harte, struck the popular fancy at once. It was fortunate for the Pacific coast that within its own territory could be found a genius capable of interpreting its poetic spirit. No fresher or more tempting field could offer itself than

California, the land of semi-tropical luxuriance, of pure and tender skies, and unequal scenic grandeur, with its memories of three distinct civilizations within a generation; its dreamy traditions of a missionary past, so rudely terminated by the vanguard of a new order; its period of excitement, uproar and confusion of heroes, criminals and all the conflicting elements of a new State; and finally its era of commonplace existence following railway construction that put it in touch with the rest of the world.

Bret Harte's genius was quick to detect the latent romance of California life. Many of his sketches in prose and verse are flash-light photographs, in which certain past and passing phases of American life have been caught and preserved. They deserve the name of literature because they are true to life and to nature, reflecting the passions and aspirations of the crude humanity that was the forerunner of a more conventional society. He presented life as he found it, somewhat idealized perhaps in the poet's fancy, but sufficiently accurate for literary purposes. His aim, as he frankly admitted, was that of an artist, not that of a moralist. However much we may quarrel with his art, we end by acknowledging its fascination. Unquestionably his poetic powers appear to better advantage in some of his prose sketches than in his verse. His worst prose, so far as style is concerned, is better than his attempts to depict frontier characters in ancient classical meters. His unconventionalism is one of his chief merits. The same class of critics who found fault with the metrical forms of *Evangeline* and *Hiawatha*, with the dialect and homespun wit of the Biglow papers, with the idealism of Emerson, and the general attitude of Whitman, all because not based upon stereotyped models, objected to the realism and frankness of the California author. But the latter has outlived his critics and justified his own course. His success naturally inspired hordes of imitators. The former solitary pioneer in his chosen province is now hailed as a leader and originator.

What was heresy in his initiative efforts, has become a widely accepted fashion; and the "Bret Harte school" is one of the features of nineteenth century literature.

The new literary movement in the middle West is most encouraging. Genuine literature has been of a tardier growth in the Mississippi valley than on the Pacific coast. We have had writers from that section for more than half a century, but few that were fairly representative. By whatever name we call it, realism or veritism, or localism, the new tendency is, in principle, a development that makes for truth. It has wisely taken as its motto: "Provincialism is no ban to a truly national literature." We gladly hail its chief exponent as a living, active force in the world of letters, who can bravely discard the "crumbling idols" of the past, and advocate principles which being alive can impart life. It is well to remind ourselves that American literature did not die with the New England writers, any more than English literature died with the Elizabethan age. Dead indeed must be the literary spirit that reflects only the thoughts and sentiments of the past. The danger of this recent tendency is the one common to all such efforts. The history of American literature is full of warnings if we will but heed them. The determination to create a truly national literature has been the bane of many writers since Revolutionary days, and the result has been most depressing. This later effort to institute a "western literature" distinct from the eastern is fraught with the same peril. The purpose becomes so painfully obvious that spontaneity is lost.

The literary revival of 1870 and 1871 had its effect in the production of "Pike County Ballads," the most widely-read poems of life in the region of Mississippi valley that up to that time had been written. After the lapse of a quarter of a century we are in a position to determine whether there is such a thing as a local literature in that section, whether there is something deeper, if less obtrusive, than its material prosperity. The *patois* in which so many

of James Whitcomb Riley's lyrics are composed, and which for the sake of convenience has been called the "Hoosier dialect," has led many to regard him as the most typically American of our younger poets. But in many respects he is the most artificial of our more conspicuous singers of this realistic era. More especially in his earlier poems there is a constant striving for effect, as though depending upon eccentricity to attract attention. This impression is increased by an obtrusive simplicity, savoring more of art than of nature. The success with which his style has been imitated by utterly unimaginative verse writers is an indication of its artificiality. But in spite of his affectations and questionable methods, the true spirit is present. He has not yet proved himself the Burns of the interior, and perhaps has no ambition to be so considered. But more than any other poet between the Alleghanies and the Sierras he has succeeded in idealizing in the popular mind the every-day life of inland America. Others have attempted the same thing in a higher key, and have won more applause from the critics, but Riley's songs have gone straight to the hearts of the people. The life that he portrays he knows both by observation and actual participation. He is a confirmed sentimentalist, but beneath all his emotionalism there is a vigorous, manly tone that rings with the notes of a sturdy, far-reaching democracy. The sense of human brotherhood is ever present with him. In the ordinary and commonplace he can detect the germs of a true nobility, and no fellow-being is too humble for his sympathy.

It is creditable to Mr. Riley that he has resisted the temptations that beset a truly musical singer like himself. He has amusingly proved that he might have echoed Poe for a short time, and then have been forgotten. In painting the prospect from his own door he has chosen the wiser course, for, though this prospect may sometimes seem somewhat spiritualized through the agency of his exuberant fancy, it is none the less acceptable. He has caught the gentler aspect of his prosaic surroundings, and

shown that there is a poetic side even to the hard conditions of rural life in that section. The sights and joys that every country-bred boy knows, have been preserved in memory and reproduced in his matured work with a youthful spirit unaffected by the lapse of years. If the "green fields and running brooks" of Indiana are wanting in the picturesqueness of the rocky sea coast and roaring brooks of New England or the gloomy canons and snow-capped peaks sung by the poet of the Sierras, it is no fault of that State's most eminent poet.

We hear a great deal in these days about "local color," but after the last word has been spoken on the subject, we are still confronted with world-old principles. It may be assumed that all great writers have reflected the spirit of their own age, but unless they did more than that, they would never have survived their own generation. Because they troubled themselves little about local color, and represented the universal thoughts, aspirations and feelings of humanity, because, in a word, they thought more of the eternal verities than of transient veritism, their works have always appealed to the best that there is in human nature. All the coldness attributed to classic art has not shorn it of its real beauty. The silent messages that are borne down the centuries serve to stimulate the genius of to-day. True art is independent of time or place. This stale truism seems likely to be lost sight of by those who are constantly clamoring for something that will be distinctly different from, though not necessarily better than, what has been produced in the East. Old ideals we are told are but figures of speech. "As a matter of fact," we are assured, "they are being worn away. An impalpable sand, blown upon them by ceaseless winds from free spaces, has worn them down; their blurred features wear a look of vague appeal. They are no longer as gods." Yet we doubt if the sane judgment of the American people at the end of the nineteenth century finds more real satisfaction in the hackneyed sentimentalism of "The Old Homestead" and "Blue Jeans" than

in the alleged romanticism of Hamlet or Antigone.

These literary iconoclasts are undoubtedly sincere in their belief that the old ideal, like an old idol, has fallen, and that it is their function to fill the place thus made vacant. When, after earnest efforts, they see the eternal truth shining as of old in the heavens, they are apt to fancy that they have set it there themselves. They fail to see that it is essentially the same ideal that has always existed, and, like the Turkish hodja, Nasr-Eddin, claim a credit to which they are not entitled. It is narrated, that this hodja, seeing the moon reflected in a well, thought it had fallen in, and tried to pull it up by means of a bucket. The rope getting caught, he pulled so hard as to break it, and fell back upon the ground. On recovering from the shock of his fall, he saw the moon shining complacently down upon him from the sky. "Allah be praised and thanked," he exclaimed, "I've hurt myself, but at all events, the moon is put back in her place!"

Too often, it is to be feared, our eager "localists," like the honest hodja, have striven after a reflection only to be mocked by the substance. Strained efforts to accomplish "something different from the past," have never resulted in genuine creation. The local literature of the great interior will come spontaneously, and not as a result of preconcerted effort. The light of truth that has penetrated the dark shadows of the world will continue to glow, regardless of theories or prejudices. Neither radical nor conservative, it makes itself felt, because in its very essence it is irresistible.

The cause of localism should be sufficient to stand alone, yet our western veritists have seen fit to ally themselves with impressionists in art, and are making common cause. In discarding everything that is suggestive of eastern Americanism, they do not hesitate to applaud the latest methods of European impressionism. Mr. Hamlin Garland, whose words have already been quoted, may justly be regarded as typifying the consummate flowering of western

veritism. Mr. Garland's genius deserves nothing but praise, for he is certainly one of the most original and creative of our younger writers. His attractive volumes should convince the most skeptical that American literature still keeps pace with material development. Yet, when he attempts to graft continental impressionism upon American methods, he seems to be taking a step backward. He grows enthusiastic over such vagaries of the impressionist school as the significance of red, blue and yellow side by side. "By turning my head top-side down"—these are his own words—"I came to see that shadows falling upon yellow sand were violet, and the shadows of vivid sunlight falling on the white of a macadamized street were blue, like the shadows on snows. Being so instructed, I came to catch, through the corners of my eyes, sudden glimpses of the radiant world, which vanished as magically as it came." We are cautioned also to remember that the modern impressionists "are not delineating a scene; they are painting a personal impression of a scene."

Professor Max Nordau is at considerable pains to prove that this predilection for red, yellow, blue and violet is an indication of nervous hysteria. It is not necessary to follow the erudite, and occasionally erratic German in his illustrations and argument, but one paragraph relating to impressionists may well be studied. The curious style of these painters, as he remarks, "becomes at once intelligible to us if we keep in view the researches of the Charcot school into the visual derangements in degeneration and hysteria. The painters who assure us that they are sincere, and reproduce nature as they see it, speak the truth. The degenerate artist who suffers from *nystagmus*, or trembling of the eyeball, will in fact perceive the phenomena of nature trembling, restless, devoid of firm outline, and, if he is a conscientious painter, will give us pictures reminding us of the mode practiced by the draughtsmen of the *Fliegende Blätter*, when they represent a wet dog shaking himself vigorously. If his pictures fail to produce



a comic effect, it is only because the attentive beholder reads in them the desperate effort to reproduce fully an impression incapable of reproduction by the expedients of the painter's art as devised by men of normal vision."

In reading Mr. Garland's prose sketches one cannot fail to be impressed by their general fidelity to nature. When this author is true to himself, and reports what he has seen, or might well have seen, with his normal vision, he shows himself a master. We have had legions of realistic writers of late, but none to equal Mr. Garland in his faithful portrayal of what he describes as the "sordidness, dullness, triviality, and endless drudgeries" of those lives "which the world loves to call peaceful and pastoral." Others may not view Mississippi valley life in the same light, but his purpose is to present it as he has seen it. Though his impressionism falls on us in its frequent allusions to the violet and purple shadows, flame-colored clouds floating in a yellow-green sea, and the bars of pale pink, there is no doubt that he is reporting his actual impressions. Yet we must dissent from Mr. Howells' enthusiastic opinion as to the "tragic sublimity" of Mr. Garland's most carefully written story, "A Branch Road." The hero, causelessly imagining himself slighted by his betrothed, runs away from her, leaving a brutal message for his farewell. After seven years he returns to find her unhappily married, and persuades her to elope with him from her lawful husband. Many such characters, perhaps, can be found in the middle West, but to hold them up for sympathy implies the distorted vision caused by turning the "head top-side down," suggested by Mr. Garland as the normal attitude. Such sketches, however, as "Mrs. Ripley's Trip," "Under the Lion's Paw," and "The Return of a Private," could be written only by a genius of penetrating, absolutely sound perception. We gladly welcome these faithful pictures, exemplifying with all its force the central truth of Mr. Garland's art, "provincialism is no ban to a truly national literature." The depressing feature about Mr. Garland's success, as in

the case of Bret Harte, is that countless imitators will insist upon copying his mannerisms, without in the least appreciating the real breadth and depth of his genius. However that may be, it is encouraging to know that the life of the Mississippi valley has at last found a fit interpreter in prose and verse.

Gradually the whole life of America is being reflected in her literature. The vigorous writers of the New South are adding their works to those from New England, the Middle States, the Mississippi valley and the Pacific coast. Professor J. W. Davidson in his "Living Writers of the South" (1869), mentions the names of no less than two hundred and forty-one writers as belonging to that section. "Some of the writers," in the estimation of the editor, "have talents and character, with corresponding results, which enable them to stand in the front rank of American authorship. Some have limited abilities, and some have none." With the majority of these time has already done its sifting work. Many of the most brilliant writers of the South have become prominent since the publication of Professor Davidson's book. All sides of southern life and character are being presented in the works of authors born during the latter half of the century. The "literary atmosphere" has ceased to be sectional, and has become American. The South is already suffused with it, and its extent may be measured by the reflections of widely separated phases of life appearing in the works of Page, Harris, Cable, Richard M. Johnston, Opie Read, Miss Murfree and Miss Grace King. The extravagant dream of Whitman that the true union of the States is to be brought about by the poets has received its realization in the national tone of the verse of Hayne, Lanier, Maurice Thompson and later writers.

It is nearly three centuries since English became the dominant language in what is now the United States. The history of the English-speaking race within those limits is the record of the evolution of modern democracy. Have American literature and American democracy developed in corresponding

degrees? It is inconceivable how any one who has given each an impartial study can answer in the negative. Our literature reflects the national life, character and experience as completely as do our social customs or material inventions. Americans have been charged with sentimentalism in devotion to ideals. To sustain those ideals they have contributed their heart's best blood, and in defense of those ideals their philanthropists have labored, their orators have pleaded and their poets have sung. It is no idle assertion that the whole course of America's development may be traced in her literature; the crude, provincial life as reflected in the imitative literature of the colonial years, the strugglings after political nationalism as shown in that of the formative period, the aspirations toward the beautiful and the ideal as in the verse of the early decades of the century, the vigorous growth in the literary product of the middle years, and the complex life of to-day as represented in the general nationalizing of the literary spirit. Almost every phase of our national progress and national trials, where a great ethical principle is involved, may be found echoed in the contemporary verse. Politically there is one notable exception, and that is the one most obvious to-day. It is idle to ignore

the social revolution which, for better or worse, we are now undergoing; the marked tendency, as manifested in recent legislation, toward social democracy or "social evolution." Unless all signs fail, this is something more than a temporary ebullition. As yet this latter-day socialism has found no adequate American singer. The influence of the socialistic spirit is far more marked in current English verse than in our own. Even Whitman, with all his aggressiveness, shrank from the contemplation of it. In spite of this ultra-democratic poet's fondness for "powerful uneducated persons" the labor-agitator was wearisome to him, and he could not put himself in touch with the methods of labor-reformers. Whittier's "Songs of Labor" were adapted to conditions of half a century ago, before the present class distinctions had developed as a result of unions and trusts. The social evolutionist is having abundance to say in current oratory, politics, essays and even novels, but is conspicuously absent from the higher realms of our literature. As yet no latter-day Elliott or Whittier has been found to champion the new cause. Is this because our modern poets fail to read aright the signs of the times, or is it because these reforms fail to appeal to the deepest sentiments of our nature?

## THE REGULATION AND ITS RELATION TO THE REVOLUTION.

BY JOHN SPENCER BASSETT.

THE recent publication of the Colonial Records of North Carolina must lead to the rewriting of much of the State's colonial history. The several writers who, before the appearance of these volumes, have written on the War of the Regulation, have been handicapped by having to use as sources of information narratives that have been prepared by one or the other of the parties to the struggle. They have not

had access to this now published mass of documents, which, as might have been expected, throws new light on many features of the movement. A desire to use this new light has inspired the present paper.

The most prominent new points gotten from the study of these materials are the following: (1) The Regulators were not revolutionists; (2) the Regulation was not a religious movement;

and (3) the study of the movement throws much light on the political history of the time in North Carolina. We may well examine these points more particularly.

1. The Regulation was not an attempted revolution. It was rather a peasants' rising. A revolution involves a change in the forms or principles of government. It is constitutional in significance. A peasants' rising aims at a change of administrative agents or measures, under principles that remain intact. It is a matter of party, chiefly. A revolution may embrace a popular rising, and a popular rising may run into, or in a manner partake of the nature of, a revolution; but speaking broadly, the distinction just made will hold. The whole story of the Regulation shows that it was aimed at resisting administrative agents. Could it have met any other fate than it did meet, it might have run into a revolution, but when it was crushed out of existence it had not reached that point of development.

2. The Regulation was not a religious movement. On the contrary, it was of a political and economic character. It had the opposition of all the five leading denominations of the disaffected region. The Established Church was opposed to it both by nature and by *personnel*. In 1768 the Presbyterian pastors wrote a letter to the governor, in which they assured him "of their abhorrence of the present turbulent and disorderly spirit that shows itself in some parts of this province." They also wrote a circular letter enjoining all good Presbyterians to have nothing to do with the movement. These pastors were David Caldwell, Henry Patillo, Hugh McAden and James Creswell, all names of the highest respect in North Carolina Presbyterianism. The Baptists were very strong in these counties, but when, in 1772, Morgan Edwards traveled that way, he could hear of but seven Baptists who had joined the Regulators, and these, in accordance with a resolve of the Sandy Creek Baptist Association, were excommunicated. The Quakers were also very numerous there, and the records of

their meetings show that their conduct in reference to the affair was substantially the same as that of the Baptists. There was also a considerable German settlement, and in 1768 Mr. Suther, one of their ministers, preached a sermon before the governor, in which he "recommended with warmth a due obedience to the laws of the country." He also accompanied, as chaplain for his people, the army sent to Hillsborough, in 1768, to overawe the Regulators. To these facts we may add the evidence of Husband, who said that the Regulators were of all sects, and that the leaders were of the Established Church.

3. The Regulation well illustrates the political conditions in North Carolina just before the Revolution. A study of it shows that each county had a small number of prominent families that kept control of the county offices. This political aristocracy, it will be observed, oppressed and opposed the Regulators, and later on originated and conducted to a successful issue the struggle for the colony's independence.

To appreciate properly our subject we should understand the physical characteristics of the locality in which it existed, and the social conditions and political institutions of the people among whom it ran its course.

As Pennsylvania marked the beginning of this formation it was also the gateway through which came most of its population. The tide of immigration soon overran the benevolent Quaker's colony, and, passing through the valleys of Western Virginia, it crossed the central part of North Carolina until it was at length stopped along the banks of the Catawba by a counter-tide from South Carolina. The people who led this movement were of pioneer lineage. They were Scotch-Irish, that hardy stock that for a century had been trained to frontier life in Ireland.

Between the "back counties" and the older settlements in the East there was little sympathy. The one had many small farms; the other had large plantations. The one had few slaves; the other very many. The one was

dissenting in spirit; the other was under the influence of large planters, who were mostly of the Established Church. Furthermore, between the two there was a broad strip of pine forest, with but little bottom land and poor water transportation. The strip was thinly settled, and it constituted a barrier between the two adjacent regions. The people of the West were thus thrown on their own resources. They kept up their communication with New Jersey, Pennsylvania and other parts of the North. The Presbyterians there received their ministers from the synod of New York and Pennsylvania, and their young men of means studied at Princeton. Hermon Husband corresponded with Dr. Franklin, and the author of "The Fan for Fanning" printed his pamphlet in Boston.

The political institutions of the colony were unfortunate. The executive, judicial, and, to a large extent, the legislative functions were in the hands of the representatives of the king. The governor and council were appointed from England. The local executives, the sheriffs, were appointed by the governor from the men nominated by the county justices who, like all other judges, were appointed by the king or his agents. The Legislature was divided into three branches, the lower house, the upper house, which was merely the council and the governor. Each must concur in lawmaking. The only elective political office was that of assemblyman, and the election to that was in the hands of men appointed by the central authority. This was fertile soil for the growth of what we now call "ring" politics. The office-holders, local and central, constituted a hierarchy of influence whose fundamental idea precluded government by the people. It was against this hierarchy that the Regulation broke itself into pieces.

The grievances of the Regulators were chiefly excessive taxation, dishonest sheriffs, extortionate fees and scarcity of money. The Stamp Act trouble, it seems, had nothing, and the building of a governor's residence had but little to do with the Regulation; and the

papers on each side make no mention, as grievances of the closing of Lord Granville's land office or the expense of running the Cherokee boundary line.

One grievance deserves special mention. The scarcity of money was due to a most short-sighted financial policy. The amount of specie in the colony was inconsiderable, and business must necessarily be done with paper money. Large quantities of this had been issued during the French and Indian Wars. So sudden an expansion of the currency was bad in itself; but when, after peace was declared, immense crowds of settlers came in and this currency at the same time began rapidly to be redeemed, the effect was calamitous. The financial condition is illustrated by the fact that in 1768 the amount of money in the colony decreased ten per cent., while the whole population increased seven per cent.

It has been the custom to say that the leaders of the Regulation were Hermon Husband, Rednap Howell and James Hunter. Husband has had the credit of being the leader *par excellence*. This is undeserved. He seems to have had a great deal to do with disseminating ideas of liberty; but there is good reason to think that he never joined the Regulation. His political activity and his favor with the Regulators made such an impression on the Governor that he persisted in holding Husband the chief of the insurgents, and posterity seems not to have passed from under the influence of the same idea. Hunter and Howell were the real leaders of the struggle, so far indeed as it had any leaders.

Governor Tryon and Edmund Fanning were the chief men in the movement against the Regulation. They have been much abused, but after all they were to a great extent victims of a theory of government which the colonies were rapidly outgrowing. They were trying to uphold the authority of the king on a basis which the people were about ready to deny. Each had come to his post with the idea that it was legitimate to use that post as a means of repairing his fortune. Many a young

Englishman who at that day received an appointment to India or to America went out with the same idea. The fault of such proceedings did not seem as glaring then as it seems now. The good qualities of the two men were many. Each was a faithful, efficient, and skillful agent of the power he served. Each had address and spirit, and the career of each subsequent to the outbreak of the Revolution was highly creditable.

The troubles which it is customary to call the Regulation had two distinct stages. The one we may call the Sandy Creek organization; the other was the Regulation proper. The former of these was a mild but firm protest against the wrong-doings of the county officers. It tried to gain its ends by petitions and resolutions and never ran into violence. It began in August, 1766, when a meeting was called at Maddock's Mill to consider the grievances of the people, to advise with the office-holders about the same, and to endeavor to remedy affairs. The officers at first approved the plan but later sent a messenger to inform the meeting that they had decided not to attend since the language of the call implied that the meeting had the right to inquire into the conduct of officers, who, it was declared, were responsible to the King's government alone. The messenger added that Colonel Fanning considered the meeting an insurrection. The people thereupon signed a paper in which they declared that since the county was so large that not more than one-tenth of the people could know the qualifications of a representative it would be wise to meet annually in order to investigate the conduct of an assemblyman and to inform him of the wishes of his constituency. This was an advanced step in the politics of the colony. From the point of view of government it could not be tolerated. On the other hand the country could not be aroused by a measure of the petition-and-resolution character. Between the two conditions the organization failed. Husband was the leading spirit of the Sandy Creek neighborhood, and it is likely that he had a chief part in this affair.

In 1768 the Regulation proper began. Its participants were at first called "the mob," but later took the name "Regulators." They began with temper. The first paper they sent to the officers declared, among other things, that "since the nature of an officer is a servant of the public we are determined to have the officers of this county under a better and honester regulation." The men of Sandy Creek were glad to see this united action, but were alarmed at the radical course it had taken. They succeeded in getting the enraged people to send the officers a more pacific paper. The attitude of advisers thus taken seems ever afterwards to have characterized their conduct toward the new movement. The Regulators further agreed that they would pay no unjust taxes, or illegal fees; that they would support their association with their presence and means, and that they would settle all their differences by themselves and without the assistance of lawyers.

After this the Regulation ran its oftentold course toward the battle of Alamance. To have it come out otherwise was impossible. The people conceived that they had a right to hold the officers responsible. The governor and his party had no such idea. Each side was aroused, and each too spirited to retract. The issue must have been the shock of arms. The incidents coming before this shock are well known. The arrest of Husband and Butler, their release before the indignant people, the armed expedition in 1768 to protect the court which was to try them, the temporary lapse of the Regulation before this show of force, its revival in 1770, the "Hillsborough riots," the burning of the property of a Justice of the Superior Court, the expulsion of Husband from the assembly, the threatened march of the Regulators on Newbern, the terror of the assembly and the passage of a severe riot law, the assembling of another army, and finally the end of the struggle at Alamance; all these are so well known that here they need but be suggested. We may with greater profit turn to consider the significance of the movement.



What was its relation to the Revolution? Was the first gun of that great struggle fired on the banks of the Alamance? The answer must be "no." The Regulation and the Revolution had no organic connection. As already stated, the former was but a peasants' rising. Furthermore, its participants were entirely dissociated from those who led the Revolution. Nearly all the Regulators became Tories. This was not, as some state, entirely due to their regard for Tryon's oath. A stronger reason was the fact that the same men who fought the Regulators at Alamance were leaders in the Revolution. Nearly every man of prominence, Fanning and Tryon excepted, who marched to Hillsborough in 1768 and in 1771 was in high office in the army of the newly-born State. Samuel Johnston, who wrote the riot law of 1771 was in 1775 the president of the provincial congress that met in Hillsborough. Ashe, Howe, Rutherford, Francis Nash, Thackston, Williams, Osborne, Hart, Alexander, Martin, Spencer, Hooper and Thomas Polk, all held prominent places in the new government. Only one of the leading Regulators is to be associated with these. The later movement was not only originated and won without the aid of the former, but even in spite of the opposition of it. If the Regulation had never been the armies of Washington and Clinton, of Greene and Cornwallis, would have fought out their battles in much the same manner as they did fight them.

Two results of the Regulation may be mentioned. To suppress the movement the province organized, and twice mobilized, an army. When the Revolution began this army moved at once and with brilliant success. It was thus that the important victory of Moore's Creek was won. The Regulation also affected the population of the back counties. To escape their hard lot at

the hands of the officers many of the people moved beyond the mountains. A number left before the battle; many left after it. Fifteen hundred had gone in 1772 when Morgan Edwards visited that region, and many others were preparing to follow them. They carried their hatred of the North Carolina office-holders with them, and not many years later, when the same office-holders were supreme in the new State the old feeling is again suggested in the movement that led to the formation of the State of Franklin.

Was the cause of the Regulators just? We can do nothing better by way of an answer than to cite Governor Martin's opinions. In 1772 he visited Orange and wrote: "I now see most clearly that [the people] have been provoked by insolence and cruel advantage taken of the people's ignorance by mercenary tricking attorneys and other little officers who have practiced upon them every sort of rapine and extortion," and who had enlisted the aid of government in order to cover their sins. These impositions drove "the people to acts of desperation and confederated them in violence, which, as your Lordship knows, induced bloodshed, and I verily believe necessarily"! This opinion he slightly modified three months later. He then wrote that the people had been "grievously opposed by the sheriffs, clerks, and other subordinate officers of government, and exceedingly moved my compassion; but on the other hand I can assure your Lordship that there was not wanting evidence of the most extravagant licentiousness and criminal violence on the part of the wretched people!" This is the opinion of a sensible and honest man who visited the scene of the struggle a year after quiet was restored. It coincides entirely with the judgment the writer has formed after examining the mass of documents on each side.



## WHILE THE ORGAN PLAYED.

BY BLANCHE CARR.



**B**Y numerous incontestable signs I know that spring has come.

I know it because most people are complaining of that "tired feeling;" because small boys play at marbles and tops along the side streets; and of late I have had vagrant thoughts of the creek—that widened

into a swimming pool—back of the orchard at my boyhood's home; because, too, this morning my wife asked me for a check to pay for spring frocks, which request my fair young daughter seconded with a kiss, as she placed a rosebud in my button hole; and—sign unfailing!—an organ-grinder has stopped beneath my office window.

The tunes he plays are to me meaningless enough at first—a mere jingle of popular airs; but now they have drifted into a familiar old waltz measure that brings with virile freshness the memory of days it were far better I should forget.

Were I wise, I should tell the office-boy to give the man a quarter and order him away, but who is wise in the spring-time? So I drop my head down upon my folded arms, and in thought I am young again. Senses and soul are, once more, beating together with that sweet unreasoning love, which though buried is never dead, and which through the length of a man's years

will speak in the strains of old music, and oftentimes becomes a presence, near if ghost-like, with the fragrance of a flower, and this even when his children look at him with the eyes of another woman.

The tint of the rose in my button-hole deepens into crimson like the one resting against the warm, white neck of her whose pliant form thrills within my arm, as together we sway down the long lighted room.

So, dreamily drifting, the dark fringe of her lashes shadowing the glowing cheek so near my own beardless one, circling around and around; slowly, to the minor strains that sob and quiver, and stir our hearts with the vague pain that is always pleasure's attendant, and finds expression in long-drawn sighs and glances more eloquent than words.

On and on, and for the while there is for neither of us a past nor a future; dreams of what have been or hopes of what may be are as naught beside the fullness of joy the present gives. The earth is blended into sweetness of sound and of scent, and the sense of each other's nearness, and there is nothing more to be desired, save to go on so for all time. It is my one coherent thought—but there! It is ended.

The music dies away in a plaintive high note, sweet, tender and strong, like woman's love, and she slips reluctantly from my arm's enfold. The room, the lights, and flowers vanish; the rose fades back to the faint pink shade of my daughter's young cheek, and an impertinent early fly reminds me that I am hopelessly bald.

Turning to my desk, I write for my wife, a check much larger than I had intended. It is her due. At heart I strayed very far from her side while the organ played.



## INSKIP: A STORY.

BY EDWARD CUMMINGS.

(*Begun in May Number.*)

### CHAPTER X.

#### A DIALOGUE UPON LOVE'S ETHICS.

DUDLEY gave his horse to the stable-boy on a bitter gray winter evening and strode into the warm library with cheeks smarting from the cold wind.

"Dudley, dear," said his mother, "you're chilled through! It's cold riding, isn't it?"

"Oh, I'm all right." The young man threw off his overcoat, and, coming over to the high mantel stood, tall and broad-shouldered, leaning against it, unbuttoning his amplitudinous Prince Albert; he stared at the fire, warming the toe of his boot. His broad-brimmed, square-crowned hat was pushed back on his head; he held his riding-whip and gloves in his left hand, together with some letters; his right was thrust into his pocket. "It's more comfortable in here, though," he added, absently.

"How are you coming on?" asked his mother.

"Oh, all right." He kicked the chunks of the fire. The dusk was coming outside. "Where's Pauline?"

"She's gone to have the fire mended. Those black boys are so trifling. I shall have to put them back to the stables, and have Joe in the house again."

Dudley handed her some papers.

"Mail for you, mother."

"Any for Pauline?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Letters?"

"Two."

"From New York?"

"No, ma'am."

Pauline came in presently, preceding a dusky servant bearing red-oak logs.

"Letters for me, Dudley?"

He handed them to her silently, and watched her expression change as she glanced at the superscriptions.

She read them by the firelight, list-

lessly. He watched the light playing upon her delicate face, deepening the pink tint, glinting on the brown hair.

Mrs. Stuart polished her glasses.

"You look worried, Dudley."

"I've been working close all day."

Pauline re-enveloped her letters.

"Tell us about the campaign, Dudley," she said. Dudley replied:

"I am quite satisfied with the way things are going on. Van Dusen is a great help to me. He's a gifted organizer." He spoke languidly, scarcely parting his lips.

"That's good news," said Pauline.

"I do hope you won't meet with any difficulties." She rose and left the room, walking slowly, and closing the door softly behind her.

Dudley broke forth: "That's what worries the soul out of me!"

"Pauline?"

"Every evening when I come home and she sees I haven't a letter for her from Raymond Lea she does that."

"Does what?"

"Goes off alone and mopes."

Mrs. Stuart spoke staidly: "I don't see why you should be worried because she gets no letters from him."

Dudley said nothing.

"I am sure," went on his mother, "I should be quite pleased if she never heard from him or saw him again."

"Ah, I don't know that you should say that, mother."

"And why shouldn't I?"

"She would be wretched."

"And you will be wretched if she does."

"You summarize the situation too completely."

"It looks bad either way."

"Your morals are concrete, mother."

"By which you mean—what?"

"You are fonder of me than of Pauline."

"Oh—some."

"And so you're not entitled to pass an opinion."

"I can tell my boy what I should like."

Dudley sat down, sprawling, with his hands behind his head.

"If it were merely a question of Raymond Lea I know very well that my ideas of a friend's loyalty wouldn't be such as to prevent my doing everything in my power, honorably, to—to cut him out."

"You let him have things his own way when he was here."

"I can't intrigue."

"You shouldn't have asked him down, this summer."

"I suppose not."

"Nor last. Why didn't you tell him —?"

"Mother!" His exclamation carried an amazed inflection of displeased inquiry.

"You might have intimated that you thought a great deal of Pauline —."

"When I saw he was making love to her?"

"Yes."

"I don't believe you are in earnest about that."

"You might have laid bare the whole situation—how you cared for Pauline very tenderly, but, remembering that she had to live with us, and that it might prove a hardship for her and embarrassment and pain to yourself, refrained from making any distinct advances until you were reasonably sure of the character of her regard for you. Why didn't you take him into your confidence?"

"My dear mother! I am quite sure that you wouldn't really have approved of such a course as that. It would have been unspeakably contemptible."

"I do so want you to be happy, my dear child."

"But what right would I have to cut off her opportunities that way—to hedge her about with boundaries that none would transgress, out of loyal friendship for me? Because Lea is loyal, the staunchest friend I have ever known."

"I want you to marry Pauline yourself."

"You think me too important, mother. Suppose—and it isn't a wild fancy after

all—suppose that Pauline liked Raymond from the first time she saw him?"

"She would not have cared for him if he hadn't made love to her."

"I am not in the least sure of that. But—mother!—the idea of virtually sequestering the dear girl because I want all of her heart myself is simply horrible."

"That's a piece of moral punctilio!"

"It is principle, combined with deep-rooted impulse. I'm not a Turk!"

"Pauline has always liked you."

"I am afraid her affection for me is strong, and of the wrong kind. I don't know," he went on, using the words he always did when he found it hard to express a deep and tender sentiment, "I don't know, but rather than see that sensitive girl suffering I would have her get any amount of letters from Raymond Lea."

"And marry him?"

"And marry him!"

"You don't want her much, Dudley."

"Want her?" His cry was low and intense. "I have thought at times I could kill the man who should come between her and me!"

"My son!"

"I can't hate Lea." Dudley arose, pushing back the hair from his white forehead with nervous fingers. "I should be sorry if I did. He doesn't know."

"Doesn't know what?"

"That all I ever wanted passionately and enduringly is the love of that girlish Pauline!" He swung on his heel and started from the room; his eyes burned feverishly.

"Dudley!"

He turned.

"Do you think they are engaged?"

"I don't know." He bestrode the room restlessly.

"I don't see," said his mother, "why she don't tell us, if they are. It's no shameful thing, surely, to be kept hidden."

"May be he has stopped her mouth?"

"What for?"

Dudley drummed the fire-board with his long fingers. "Lea has some idiosyncrasies," he said, with some



*Drawn by Lyell Carr.*

"He watched her expression as she glanced at the superscription."



irrelevance. "I should have remembered that. I should have kept in mind what I well knew, that Lea couldn't stay long around a pretty and attractive girl like Pauline without making love to her."

"Do you mean that he lacks principle? Isn't he a gentleman?"

Dudley drew a hesitant breath. "Yes," he said, "he's a gentleman. But the word is elastic."

"The qualification implies that he is—not."

"No such thing."

"I am to understand, then, that he goes about making love seriously and often successfully to every attractive girl he is thrown with?"

"Your inference is swiftly drawn, mother," said Dudley, meditatively. "Yet you have it nearly right."

"Very well, then." Mrs. Stuart hardened the corners of her mouth. "I consider that to be hideous and total depravity."

"But wait a moment —"

"I had no idea that Raymond was that kind of a man." She began rocking her chair furiously; tears came. "And he is your best and oldest friend! and I have always liked him so—loved him—since that day he brought you home from the University at Charlottesville, when you were delirious with fever, and the first thing you said, when you came to, was 'Lea, old man! was it you that took care of me?' And to think that he should trifle with the affections of one who is as dear to me as if she were my own child, and bring deep disappointment to you, all because he can not deny himself the luxury of a summer flirtation—"

"Stop!" said Dudley.

"Well, there is no more to be said."

"There is. Raymond may be justified."

"Oh, boy! Don't talk so!"

"I will talk so." Dudley sat down in a chair beside her. "I am a man and Lea is a man, and I understood his point of view as you cannot, and I can talk for him."

"Ah, who is to talk for you?" she moaned.

"Listen to me, and stop rocking."

She ceased instantly, and touched her eye-corners with her handkerchief.

"I say that Lea's course is not unprincipled. There are palliating circumstances."

"I cannot understand them."

"You must listen. I have watched Lea closely. There are certain truths and traits of character which can only be understood by close and patient analysis, and then the analyses often seem trifling, casuistic, sophistical. They have value and merit, nevertheless. It may seem fatuous, but the truth is every-time Lea begins to like a girl he thinks she is the only woman he ever cared for. He can't realize, in his memory, the intensity of his former passion; when he ceases to care for a girl he can't believe he ever did love her."

"In other words he is wholly unconscionable," Mrs. Stuart said.

"No," answered Dudley, gently, "not that—far from that. I have known Lea a long, long time, and I believe him to be a fine and a brilliant fellow, as well as fair and generous. But in his ethics, a point on which we differ, he acknowledges no responsibility for getting tired of a woman."

"Has he no remorse for the wounded vanity, the life-long heartaches—"

"Perhaps," said Dudley, softly, "perhaps he thinks that marrying a woman whom he has ceased to love would be a poor way to right the wrong he has done her."

"But, Dudley, Dudley!" cried his mother, in a rage. "Can't you see that as a man of honor, and knowing his own fickle temperament, he shouldn't make love to a woman when he knows he has disappointed other women, and is not sure he will always care for her?"

"But there is the point!" Dudley smiled sadly. "He is always sure."

"He is your enemy!"

"Oh, no. Old Raymond! He wouldn't do me a conscious wrong for the world! He has not the slightest idea that I —"

The servant came again with a new back-log and arranged the glowing coals skillfully, so that the flames leaped and drove the gloom from the corners and made huge, fearful figures on the high, frescoed walls. When the boy

had gone Mrs. Stuart dropped her hand upon her son's broad shoulders, tenderly.

"Dudley, I hope Pauline will never get another letter from Raymond in the world. I hope he has forgotten her," she said, vehemently. "I hope —"

Major Bob Stuart burst into the room, stamping his feet, brushing his big loose gray moustache, rubbing his rugged ruddy cheeks. He brought in a breath of the chill outside world, and shook some particles of snow from his overcoat, and emptied the rim of his hat into the fire. "Hello! Hello! Hello! It's snowing like sixty—did you know it? Going to freeze hard, too; we'll have the old cutter out to-morrow, if it isn't worm-eaten. Don't believe it's been used in ten years. Supper ready? I tell you what it is," he roared, "you should be thankful for a comfortable house to-night! Well, Dudley, Dudley boy, how's the campaign? Hey! Tell us about the campaign!"

Dudley started to his feet, and whipped out a broken exclamation, "The campaign be —," and ended, dutifully, cordially, "Why, there's nothing much new, sir. Everything seems to be smooth. Van Dusen and I are of the opinion that I am the man. Oh, yes, I urged old Meriwether to call primaries. Galt has money—I think he wants to pack the convention. So I won't have one. The primaries are called for February. The committee's report will be in the morning's paper. I think"—the young man picked up coat, whip and gloves, and started from the room—"I think I am elected, sir."

"Why, that's very good," said the Major, giving him a friendly push. "I think so; I think so myself, sir, by gravity!"

## CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH THERE IS FIRST NEWS OF  
A CATAclysm.

On this mild February morning Pauline came down stairs a little late for breakfast. Mrs. Stuart, in her black silk, was reading the morning paper by the dining-room window.

Pauline took her seat at the table, and stared absently at the fruit the servant placed before her. Elbows on the table, she asked. "Aunt Hattie, wasn't Dudley very late coming home last night?" and when Mrs. Stuart did not immediately reply, she added: "It seems to me I heard noises in the hall later than midnight."

Mrs. Stuart turned suddenly, and arose with a troubled face. "Oh, Pauline, there has been a bad turn of affairs!"

Pauline started quickly to her feet. "Is there some ugly news?"

"We thought it best not to awake you —" Mrs. Stuart spoke rapidly — "it was so late, and it seemed unnecessary. Dudley was hurt last night in a fight in town."

"Dudley! Hurt? A fight!"

"He was wounded in the fleshy part of his shoulder."

"Auntie! Oh! Shot?"

"It is not dangerous—don't, Pauline!" The girl had started from the room. "He is sleeping a bit now; you musn't wake him."

"But mayn't I—oh, Aunt Hattie, who did it?"

The swift feminine intelligence penetrates the quality of mischance before it apprehends its cause or extent; Pauline was already in tears.

"It isn't known. There's so much . . . there's been a shocking murder . . . and a lynching . . . Dudley's out of the race. Here's the paper."

"This has so many headlines! I can't read all this!" The girl's wet eyes wandered up and down the leaded columns uncomprehendingly. "Tell me! Tell me just what it is!"

"It is so horrible, Pauline. Old 'Squire Malone, his wife and daughter—you knew them?"

"Yes!"

"Well, they were all three murdered in their home yesterday afternoon."

"Murdered! Auntie! No!"

"Yes—"

"That old man and his kindly old wife—murdered? killed? and the little girl, Katie—Aunt Hattie, don't tell me that!"



"The Crowd Halted in front of the Jail."

Mrs. Stuart removed her glasses and polished them; the edges of her eyelids were red.

"All three," she said. "You know it was always rumored that —"

"That the old 'squire was a miser—when he was only saving up a little store for Katie, against the time when he should get helpless—oh, horrible, horrible! Do they know who did it?"

"The bodies were fearfully mutilated; they were scarcely recognizable." Mrs. Stuart always maintained a nervous calm under stress of excitement and strong feeling. She put on her glasses. "And they laid it on our poor old black Jack Hyde," she added.

"Oh, aunt! Don't!"

"It is quite true."

"On poor Jack Hyde! It can't be, auntie! Jack? Old Jack! He used to swing me in his arms, for hours! Did they—did they prove it on him?"

"I don't know. Mr. Stuart said the evidence seemed terribly damaging.

Negroes are fearful beasts sometimes."

"Not Jack! Is Dudley badly hurt? Tell me! Won't you tell me? How did he get shot?"

"They strung Jack up and shot him!"

Pauline wailed softly: "He saved my life once!"

"That was why Dudley interfered. That was how he was hurt. The doctor says it isn't dangerous."

"Dudley interfered!" Pauline's eye's blazed proudly. "Is he suffering much? How ill you look, aunt Hattie!"

"They made two attempts to lynch Jack," Mrs. Stuart said. "They wore masks. The first time, Dudley made a speech, persuading them to disperse. The whole town was aroused—the news of the horrible murder spread rapidly; country-people came in from everywhere. The mob came back to the jail at midnight—Dudley's clothes were torn. Let me show you."

She scanned the columns of the little

provincial gazette. "Here it is." She read aloud, with breathless intonations:

"The mob, greatly swollen, came back about twelve. A determined move was made upon the rickety structure that has served too long for the county bastille. The crowd halted in front of the jail. A call was made for the sheriff. He appeared, and the leader of the mob, who wore a mask, told him they wanted the negro Hyde. The sheriff said he must protect his prisoner. 'I am sworn to,' he said.—'Well, Jim,' returned the spokesman of the crowd, 'we don't want to hurt you, but we must have that negro.' 'I ask you not to take him,' said the sheriff. The response came: 'If you won't give him to us there's a way we can get him. We will break the door down!'—A man with a sledge-hammer pounded on the wooden outer door; the frail barrier yielded, and the crowd surged in with a whoop. Hon. Dudley Stuart, the aspirant for Congressional honors—this is printed in small capitals, Pauline—was among those who mounted the crowded steps. He shouted to the mob, endeavoring to call them to order; he wanted to make another speech. He was unable to make himself heard. He then pressed his way into the excited throng about the cell door. Here he attempted to speak again, but his voice was drowned in the storm of cries: 'To the work!' 'The keys! Get the keys!' 'Remember our wives and daughters!' Mr. Stuart exclaimed, loudly, 'Let the law take its course.' 'The law is too slow,' was the answer; the crowd cheered, and a man with a crow-bar pressed into the packed corridor. He was greeted with wild yells. 'In the name of the law, hands off!' cried Mr. Stuart. 'We want Jack Hyde!' was the shout. 'Let the law try him!' yelled the candidate. He was answered: 'The people make the law!' 'I give you my word,' said Stuart, 'that justice shall be done!' The man with the crow-bar cried out: 'What have you got to do with this, anyway?' and struck the heavy bar against the door. Stuart caught the handle of the crow-bar and held it back

by main strength. He was jostled aside, but not before he had delivered a blow from his fist full in the face of the masked leader, felling him to the floor. The cry then was, 'Pull him down!' and Stuart was thrown to the floor and violently hustled out of the way. He fought savagely, but only with his fists.

"At a quarter to one the cell was broken open, and Hyde, who seemed frightened speechless, was dragged out from his cell and hanged from the upper span of the county bridge. The deputies seemed powerless. The hanging took place in a strong glare of electric light. Several shots were fired at the dangling body; one of these is known to have taken effect. The body had been suspended less than two minutes when Stuart with an accomplice and backed by a cordon of policemen with Winchesters, made a dash for the body and cut it down. The mob, however, believed its work done, and dispersed in a quiet and orderly manner. The physician in charge of the St. Giles hospital, whither Hyde was conveyed, reported at two o'clock this morning that the wretch was badly strangled and shaken, but life was not extinct. His condition is extremely critical.

"Dudley Stuart wounded. At the moment of going to press it was ascertained upon good authority that Mr. Stuart received a bullet wound in the left shoulder, presumably from a pistol, during his theatrical dash for the suspended body of the negro. A rumor was current that he was mortally hurt, but a hurried inquiry disclosed the fact to be otherwise. The exact extent of Stuart's injury, however, is unknown, as he was immediately conveyed in a carriage to Inskip."

Pauline cried out: "How strange that is! They speak so coldly of Dudley! And his is the only name that is mentioned!"

"There is something back of this, child."

"Is there no more?"

Mrs. Stuart turned the sheet. "Here is something." She read a short paragraph stating that Mr. Van Dusen had

resigned his place on the executive committee.

The two women watched by the bedside of the wounded man all day, patiently, depressed by the confusing sense of the unexpected. "He ought to be well in a month or so," said Dr. Craig to Pauline in a whisper. He was a polite, neat little man with glasses and a pointed beard.

"I fear only the precipitation of a fever. Don't let him talk politics. He was worn out, anyway. See how sharp the lines of his face are drawn. Miss Pauline, we depend on your tact. Don't let him talk politics. Major Stuart will drive down with me for additional medical appliances. I shall return at two. Keep the room aired, but warm. Above all, no noise, and no politics. He will come out of that sleep about noon. Have an eye on Mrs. Stuart. I don't want too many patients."

At noon Dudley awoke.

Pauline drew near and kissed him gently on the forehead. Over his face a smile fled; he sank back into sleep with a smile of ineffable content.

The girl sat with her hands clasped in her lap. She wondered to herself that the strength-telling qualities of the man's face had never struck her before. The masculine power of his shaven face lay sharply accentuated in his suffering sleep. The firm lips were closed; his black hair was tossed about on the pillow. It was to her the face of a man she might worship, with a little awe, a little dread, it may be, but still worship, just for his very strength.

Over a chair was flung a bloody coat, with a hole in the shoulder-part. She looked at it with vague ideas of the human hate and vengeance it stood for—so alien were such things to her virginal dream-life. Yet she knew that if it had been Raymond's she would have clasped it in her hands, with flooded eyes.

And what troubled her most was, what should she say to Dudley when he should awake again? Her kiss had proved eloquent to soothe. She had a sudden sting at the thought of its

seeming efficacy. Without penetrating the impulse for its reason she felt that she should not kiss him again.

Black Mammy Nanny came and went, silently officious; and Mrs. Stuart hovered and departed and reappeared, a dexterous spirit, elegiac, sufficient.

"Did he awake?"

"Once."

"Did he speak?"

"No."

"I will watch, sweet."

"Have you breakfasted?"

"I want nothing. Go get yourself a cup of coffee, dear, or some fruit."

Pauline went instead down and out into the garden, where there was a suggestion of swelling buds. Mild winds crooned a lullaby to spring's tender young. Her violets were pushing emerald shoots above the leaf-mold. A white smoke lay over the landscape; scarlet gross-beaks preened and whistled about the green-house.

All day she had not thought once of Raymond Lea. Now in the swooning noon-tide—so low the pulse! so faint the heart!—still she strove to turn her thoughts away from him unworthy and beloved, in colorless despair.

A portrait here; our Pauline, see, leaning a soft wan cheek against the cold pillar. In its errand of depiction the masculine pen falters, panicky at thought of garmenting's technology, yet strangely lured by impossible hope of achievement, and pricking out, as a painter his pigments, only the materials: the dainty house-gown (brown and voluminous) hiding all but the face of her and the neck and the superb young womanly shape of her, and a shining, neat small boot-tip; the slender, nervous hands knitted about the column; the pale young mobile face; the dark, big eyes, bistre, luminous with thought; the patrician nostrils gently dilating; the chestnut hair parted over a forehead thoughtful in its mold, essentially girlish in its quality—and last the mercurial crimson little mouth bereft of dimples, lips indrawn to keep them from trembling and so by such brave seeming to subdue the ache within the little throat—the bitter ache.



How bitter it was only loving hearts which have been lonely know.

## CHAPTER XII.

DUDLEY STUART STILL IN THE RACE.

Major Stuart came back from his second trip to St. Giles at dusk, finding Pauline and Mrs. Stuart pretending at supper.

"How's the boy now, mother?"

"He's asleep."

"He took some gruel this afternoon," said Pauline.

"That's good. Politically, the lad's dead in the pit."

Mrs. Stuart irrelevantly rejoined: "Robert, you've black rings under your eyes!"

"Oh, uncle, I hope not!"

"It's past hoping."

"What?" demanded Mrs. Stuart.

"Dudley's defeat," said Pauline.

"Of course he will be defeated," said Mrs. Stuart.

"It's Katy-bar-the-door," said the Major.

"How is poor Jack?"

"In a bad way. He may live."

Worn with the day's speculation and care, and the importunity of solicitous friends and relatives, they discussed the situation calmly.

"Is Mr. Van Dusen going to keep up the fight?" It was Pauline's question.

Major Stuart looked at his wife.

"You didn't tell her?"

"No."

"My child," said the Major, "did you read the rather graphic account of the lynching in the Examiner?"

"It seemed very peculiar, very cold."

"I think," said the Major, "Sidney Van Dusen wrote it himself."

"Then he was there!"

"Pauline, dear, he is a relation of the Malone's," said Mrs. Stuart.

"He led the mob," the Major said.

"Then Dudley knocked him down!" cried Pauline.

"He was masked: Dudley didn't recognize him.—Who's up-stairs with Dudley, mother?"

"Black Nanny and the doctor.—Finish your supper, dear: I'm sure you haven't eaten a thing to-day."

"Dudley thought it was Brander Galt," said the Major to Pauline.

"Oh, how very, very bad that is!"

"It puts things to sixes and sevens."

"Did Dudley strike him hard?"

"That's the way he hits!"

"Then how did Sidney write that article?"

"He wasn't, crippled, I suppose. Then the article has a flavor of a swollen jaw in it, too, you'll notice."

"I thought they were friends!"

"Friends is a strong word. They were political associates. That relation isn't strong enough to smooth out the knuckle-prints!"

"It was my idea," said Pauline, "that Sidney helped Dudley to cut down the body."

"Well, he didn't!"

"Who, then?"

"It was I," said the Major.

"You, uncle?"

"I jerked the boy up by the legs—he's heavy, that chap—out comes his knife, down comes Hyde, we make a rush off the bridge, and the thing's done. The pistols were flashing and popping like fire-crackers in a bunch. The police covered our line of retreat pretty well—it was just a question of nerve: two men can stand off a mob any day, going at it the right way—and just as we dodged into an alley Dudley pitches over against me and reels down. That was the first either of us knew he had been shot. Some man yells, 'Dud. Stuart's killed!' and in six seconds the whole mob had vanished. I saw no more of Jack; we carried Dudley into the jail office—I never felt so bad in all my life, nor so angry. Dr. Craig came down and dressed the wound, and we got the lad into the carriage. Clearly the mob thought Jack and Dudley were dead. I must go up and see how Dudley's getting on."

Later in the evening he said to his wife: "There's no finding out whose bullet hit Dudley."

"There's no use trying."

"I shall go before the grand jury with the names of every man-jack I remember."

"Whom did you see down-town?"

"I saw Meriwether, for a moment."

He was non-committal. He says the Examiner, of which he owns the controlling stock, will be neutral. Further, he says, he can't dictate to Van Dusen."

"Did you see Mr. Van Dusen?"

"He virtually refused a conference."

"It was wrong for Dudley to put so much in his hands."

"Yes, Van holds the keys of the organization."

"Dudley would know what to do, but we mustn't dare to worry him with it."

"Won't he worry anyhow?"

"Well, talking about it to him would make it worse. He said you were to say simply that he was still in the race."

"Did he say that?"

"The message came through Pauline."

"Is Dudley at all restless?"

"He was very quiet to-day."

"Poor boy, I am sure he suffers horribly."

"The wound seems to be healing already."

"There seems really little hope of his election."

They talked the matter over until late in the night.

That same evening Pauline wrote, at Dudley's dictation, a note to Sidney Van Dusen:

MY DEAR VAN: I wish to formally apologize for striking you. I was not aware that it was you, my friend. You shouldn't wear masks, you see. Don't suppose for an instant that I'm out of the race. I expect to be elected. Very truly yours,

DUDLEY STUART.

"I should probably have hit him anyway," he said, nodding approval of the note as written, with a rueful mixture of smile and grimace.

"Dudley, you are terrible! Are you sleepy?"

"Not a bit."

"Then I'll read to you."

"Talk, instead."

"I'll tell you a fairy-story."

"That is a good girl. Pauline, you're very good to me, these days."

"Was not I always so, cousin Dudley?"

"You were ever the sweetest of cousins!"

He had possession of her hand. She kissed him affectionately on the lips.

Her characterization of his conduct, delivered upon the occasion of her good-night kiss to the Major and his wife, employed the phrase, "supremely noble." Of habit she was chary of superlatives; they knew at once that she was deeply struck and deeply sincere.

"Noble!" The Major widened his eyes suggestively at his wife, at the clicking of the door.

She returned the look brightly.

"She said it of Dudley!"

"Perhaps —," he began.

"Perhaps —," she said. Clumsy expressions seemed superfluous. "It is our dream!" she murmured.

A pleased look lay on the Major's ruddy face. He muttered in his moustache that winds were ill indeed which blew none to good.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### IN ST. GILES.

Echoes of the political clang and turmoil in St. Giles and elsewhere came to Inskip modulated. There the red-birds whistled in the somnolent lawn. Through the countryside the name of the long-legged stoic lying wounded in that still upper-chamber was a touchstone of discord.

About the Evening Star office, a crowd gathered, humorous, angry, indifferent; many casually curious, others excited.

Dr. Craig came briskly by, tip-toeing above the shoulders to read the bulletin.

Some one read the caption aloud: "The fiend yet lives!"

"Which one's that?" sneered a slouching yokel.

"What do you mean?" The little doctor turned angrily.

"The nigger, or this here crazy Stuart?"

Intervening politely came an acquaintance of the doctor, a refined-looking, neatly-dressed man, with gold eye-glasses, moustached, goateed, of aristocratic port, carrying on his arm overcoat, cane, law-papers and

new magazines, and chewing an unlighted cigar. This was Mr. Joseph Cardwell, deliberate and elegant of speech, a bookish lawyer, a student of character, a good citizen and friend of good citizens. "Doctor, how did you leave my friend Dudley?"

"As well as could be expected. We apprehend nothing serious, sir." The doctor extended his hand cordially; the other took it and drew him aside.

"I am afraid these demagogues hold the situation, doctor."

"I am afraid so, sir."

"With Van Dusen's help Stuart might pull through."

"He is a man of such violent impulses, you see, sir," said the doctor. "I am not surprised at his defection."

"Nor I. He will not go over to Galt, you think? But it is inconceivable."

"He despises the man."

"The Star, I see, comes out this afternoon solid for Galt."

"It turns with every wind."

"But it shows how the wind is blowing, doctor."

"Too true, sir."

"Did you see this morning's issue of Galt's organ?"

"No, sir."

"It was the most unconscionable exhibition of foul-mouthed demagoguery I ever beheld. In addition to its scurrilous editorials, I am told Galt made a speech somewhere to-day denouncing Stuart as a friend of criminals, a consorter with murderers and assaulters of women—"

"I heard of it, sir—this evening's paper gives the speech in full. They will turn the business over and over to make capital of it, and throw all kinds of false lights on Dudley's action, which, to me, seems a peculiarly fine bit of heroism. They will construe it into an affront to popular intelligence, and a rebuff to that noble sympathy in the hearts of the multitude which bade them respond so manfully to the movement for avenging instantly a hideous crime: such despicable balderdash! When passion runs high it is easy to turn it to bad account."

"If the election were a month off,

Stuart would have a fair chance, don't you think?"

"Reason and justice would obtain then, I judge," said the doctor, twisting his neat pointed beard. "Well, we must do what we can with a forlorn hope."

"Assure Major Stuart for me, doctor, that he may count on me, to the fullest extent of my humble ability, will you?"

"With pleasure, sir. Good day."

"Good day to you, sir."

The doctor elbowed his way through the crowd on the side-walk with some difficulty. Comments, curses, laughter, scraps of dialogue came to his ears.

"Hooray for Brander Galt!"

"That's the dinctum!"

"What's the matter with Stuart?"

"He's got the big-head!"

"He's hit the ceiling!"

"Galt gets my vote. He talks right!"

"Were you out with the boys t'other night?"

"I'm a-refusing to be interv—*git* off my corns!"

"How do they know this nigger's the one that —"

"Circumstantial evidence — good enough for sich trash."

"Have a se-gar. Say you're for Galt?"

"We're all for Galt!" Curses.

"I'm not! I'm for law and order."

"I'm for pertectin' the women-folks!"

"Lots o' nerve. I never saw it—heard about it from —"

"What's that about indicting?"

"Grand jury's not in session."

"Quite a coup, sir, quite a —"

"Oh, the man's no coward!"

"'Course he was guilty!"

"The nigger? No one doubted that."

Dr. Craig felt this talk to be as the light foam on an angry deep sea. The more deeply earnest element on both sides, he knew, were less talkative.

He found Van Dusen irritably slashing away through his afternoon's work. This big, unmannerly, fresh-faced, gray-eyed fellow was careless of attire, loose and provincial in speech and



"A revolver clattered to the floor as the candidate went down."

sound and generous at heart; amiable, impulsive, passionate, almost absolutely reckless; a man who thought not looked either before or after leaping—poor qualities for a journalist; but people read his paper because they knew it was at least sincere. In the South the influence and importance of the editorial page has not waned, and Van Dusen's was lively and eloquent.

"Hi, Craig! I'm almost glad to see you."

"Thank you, Van."

"Only, don't tell me how to run my paper."

"You need somebody to tell you, I think."

"If you wa'n't so little I'd jump on you."

"Not on your own premises. I'd like a word with you."

"Come into my private den." He threw his long legs down off the table, overturning a bottle of ink; he swore, calling the office-boy to clean the table, at the same time clumsily tipping down

his chair, whereat he swore again, and led the way into the other room.

"A note to you from Dudley Stuart."

The editor read it with bunched eyebrows, and threw it down. "Hell!"

He sat on the table. "Sit down, Doc'. Here, this is no business of insults and apologies. Be damned to him! I'm not mad at him for hitting me. It's this—he's just ripped himself with me for turning dam' sentimentalist. I preach rope for rape. I'm a good citizen; I'm ready to grip my gun any day for Georgia and Dixie and the United States Government. But I rank chivalry above citizenship. That's all. That's what the people know—that's what you know. I was for Stuart until he turns out a prig. Henceforth I'm neither for him nor against him. 'Fight dog, fight bear—no dog o' mine there.' Express to Mr. Dudley Stuart my appreciation of the situation."

"There's no personal animus—"

"Certainly not!"

"I know Dud, and he knows me; otherwise he shouldn't have written that note, you can stake your money on that. I tell you one thing, he's going to be beat like the proverbial inferno broke loose in this here good old State of Georgia! How's his wound?"

"It's mending. It will be well within a month."

"So will my jaw."

"I don't see how you can approve of this lawlessness, Van."

"You will find that," said the editor, with a smile, "discussed in the editorial columns of the Examiner. The files are at your disposal."

He began cramming a fistful of tobacco in a huge pipe. Dr. Craig proffered his dainty cigar-case.

"Ah, thanks. Doc', some one was telling me Dudley had ulterior motives in rescuing that nigger."

"His motive was the preservation of 'the peace and dignity of the State.'"

"There was nothing else? You know, Craig, and I rely on you."

"The negro belonged to the Stuart family one time, and they thought a great deal of him. Moreover, he rescued Miss Blair, who is, as you know, an inmate of the household, from drowning in the steamboat sluice near the plantation, at the imminent risk of his own life, about ten years ago."

"That is all?"

"Absolutely all."

"I believe the negro was guilty, and he should have been hung by the neck." The editor grew suddenly grave. "Charley Craig, Jasper Malone was my mother's brother; little Katie was my own blood cousin. There never was a purer, sweeter girl in the world. Aunt Jane was one of the best women that God ever made; she treated me like a son. Then suddenly appears this beast let loose from hell—created for what purpose heaven alone knows—murder, robbery, outrage, mutilation—unspeakable! Tell me, Craig, would you hold up for a man who would stand between you and vengeance for that?"

Van Dusen was quivering with a sudden emotion. Doctor Craig was taken by surprise. He polished his glasses

with a silk handkerchief. When he spoke it was hardly to the point.

"But by process of law—," he began.

"Process of law! Process of law? Process of law for worms and fishes and bloodless things—not for men with warm hearts outraged, who demand a surer and swifter remedy than the court-house wrangles, and the lying witnesses and slick lawyers, and the continuances and short penitentiary sentences of your process of law!—Come in!"

A bilious medium-sized man in a shiny frock coat, with moustaches growing down his jowls pushed the door open, lowering within suspiciously from under flaring eyebrows.

Doctor Craig departed immediately with "I'll see you some other time, Van," nodding curtly to the newcomer, who removed his hat with a stilted sweep: "Gentlemen!"

The editor dropped into his easy chair.

"Have a seat, Mr. Galt."

"Thank you, sir."

Van Dusen, tilted backward, struck an imperious look upon him.

"What can I do for you?"

"In consideration of the fact that I have been the target of your editorial utterances during the campaign, my calling may seem a little singular," began the candidate. He sat with his hat between his knees, wiping the lining; when he spoke his teeth parted very slightly, and his lips very much; his voice was nasal and toneless. "I understand, however, and you understand, am sure, that this warfare is political and not personal—"

"I prefer you'd come straight to the point, Mr. Galt."

"Certainly, sir. I have a piece of news for you."

"Better save it for a scoop."

"There is to be only one issue of the paper which represents me, between now and election day."

"And you want this news spread now, eh?"

"Exactly, sir."

"Well?"

"You may have heard it; it is rapidly becoming common rumor, though



I had it from positively authoritative sources—confidential, understand."

"Then why do you propose to reveal it?"

"I mean that it was given to me under the stipulation that I should not divulge the source."

"Well?"

"This information, sir, is to the effect that the Stuart's were instrumental in saving this negro, Cogburn, from lynching, because he is none other than old Stuart's illicit son."

"Well?"

"That is all, sir."

"It is not exactly common rumor, but I heard it—confidential sources, you understand!"

"Ah? And what do you propose doing with it?"

Van Dusen bit and lit the cigar Doctor Craig had given him.

"Why, denounce it, of course."

"In your paper?"

"No. Do you suppose I would publicly recognize and advertise black-guardism?"

"Blackguardism?"

The editor wheeled his chair around, faced the candidate, his cigar in his teeth, and his hands in his pockets. "Blackguardism! For this rumor—pardon me, you will waive all charges of inhospitality if I speak frankly?"

"Certainly, sir."

"This rumor, then, is as dirty and scoundrelly a piece of blackguardism as was ever perpetrated. It is a lie utterly without foundation, in fact—a shabby, scurvy, vulgar piece of vilification—cut from the whole cloth, yet lacking even the doubtful merit of cleverness. Moreover,"—Van Dusen's eye traveled from the end of his cigar, whence he flicked the ashes with his little finger, to the candidate's face, where they coolly rested—"moreover, of this pusillanimous and scabby fabrication, sir, the author is none other than yourself!"

"Hah!" Brander Galt caught his breath, blinking. He was a middle-aged man; it had never happened to him to be insulted, as it were, to his face; he did not know what to do. He had told the story so often that he was beginning to believe it might or should be true.

"Hah!" he said again. "I—really, young man—I cannot—I cannot allow this! Are you armed?"

"I am not, sir," said the editor, placidly.

"Then arm yourself! for by God, I —" He swore a vile denunciatory oath, and clutched nervously at his hip-pocket, rising.

Van Dusen swiftly towered; his words came like whip-cracks.

"I come of a race who neither shoot nor cut, but strike!" he said. A sallow brow went back before his clenched fist. A revolver clattered to the floor as the candidate went down with his chair. As he arose Van Dusen restored the weapon to him, minus the cartridges.

"Now, d—n you, get out of here."

Galt went out of the room, brushing himself like a drunken man. Van Dusen followed him and watched him down-stairs.

The only other occupant of the outside room was a tiny messenger boy, clad in blue. "Did you hit him, Mr. Van?" piped the boy.

"Yes!" thundered the editor, ferociously. "I'll hit you, too, if you fool with me!" He caught the small chap and held him by the legs, while the small chap valiantly pounded him in the stomach. Van Dusen set him down and gave him a quarter. "Go and fill your mouth with taffy—tight, mind!"

The editor was in a sudden good humor. The blow that he had administered Galt had relieved him. It was poetic adjustment of matters with Stuart.

(To be concluded in August.)



## THE NEGRO IN AMERICA.

BY EUGENIA PARHAM.

SO much has been said and written of the negro from a political standpoint, and with purely factional aims in view, that the world has almost come to abhor the hackneyed theme. His very name is an odium to the average reader; and naturally, for each of the two great sections, the North and the South, has, so to speak, been hurling him back and forth at each other, with intent to kill, for half a hundred years. Yet neither loves him less, and both have a kindly, if a far different, feeling for this strange being, so fortunately—or unfortunately—thrown upon the continent and woven into the history of America. But to speak of him in a party spirit, or to discuss whether he is a curse or a blessing to the South, or if he is voted legally or illegally for or against the North, is assuredly not the purpose of this paper. Aside from his political status, he has, to say the least of it, a picturesque bearing on the social life of the new civilization; and, though it is not customary to consciously regard him in that light, he is, nevertheless, a romance and a poem on the pages of the "old South" that will as inevitably assert themselves in history as did the "Border tales" of Scotland or the "King Arthur" legends of England.

To the South, with all his faults, he is the remnant recollection of her palmiest days of prosperity, and alike of her darkest season of adversity; in which last, although her opponent—never her enemy—he was her surest sympathizer, feeling keenly all her distresses, triumphant in her victories, and downcast in her defeats. No more touching tale of fidelity can ever be told than that of the slaves who staid to care for the family while the master went to war against the slave's own freedom. Nor have such acts of loyalty ever been forgotten. The Southerner of the old school, wherever he is found, evinces a generous regard for the wel-

fare and interest of the negro, and a tender leniency toward his foibles and his sins, which appears at once pathetic and ludicrous to the rest of the world. Many, indeed most, of the once wealthy land-holders, have been materially impoverished since the war, because overburdened, in many instances, with the horde of family servants, each of whom insists on continuing as tenant in every available quarter of the plantation on which he first had a local habitation and a name.

A touching story, and an example of this feeling, was told me by Col. E—, of Georgia, a bronzed veteran of the battle of Chattanooga. He was with the guns on Missionary Ridge when General Thomas made his memorable charge. Seeing that rout was imminent, and not knowing what the consequences might be, he called his black body servant, Bob, and told him that they must part; as he did not know where the broken army was going. In such case it would be inexpedient to take Bob with him, and he must consent to go home and take care of his mistress and the plantation. Then the master hastily bade the servant goodbye, pointed out to him the direction of Georgia, and with his comrades in arms went southward, finally to unite with Johnson's forces at Atlanta, in the closing of the great struggle. When the war was over, nearly three years later, and Colonel E— returned home, he found faithful Bob "takin' care ob mistus an' de plantation." He had reached there six weeks after the battle of Chattanooga, having traveled on foot about seven hundred miles. Forging creeks and rivers, and evading both armies, he had gone in a zigzag route over a portion of Mississippi, through Alabama to his home in Southern Georgia. "Do you think," added the colonel, "that I could ever let any of Bob's family want while the plantation yields a barrel of corn or a bale of

cotton?" This is but one instance out of thousands, which well illustrates the common nature of the blacks, and also the general tenor of feeling in the South toward its dusky servant of other days.

The late slave-owner and his descendants will tell you there is much in the negro that is magnanimous and true. He will steal—there is no denying it—food, if he is hungry; clothes, if he is needy; gewgaws, if they please his fancy, as they usually do; but he will also give to one in want his last morsel of bread or his only coat, and he will willingly empty his pockets of every bauble to make a sad face glad. His view of life is a happy-go-lucky one, and his philosophy—who shall dare question it?—is doubtless drawn from that ancient text, "The lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." He does not care for struggle. For himself, a hut, the sunshine in summer, a log fire in winter, some bread, some bacon, an old bango, and the world may move on; it is nothing to him. But for you—he will struggle manfully. Win his confidence, put the goal before him, and tell him your happiness depends upon his effort, and he will follow to the end with a dogged determination to do or die.

In his devotion he is tireless to what he loves; and what he loves once he loves always. This trait of his nature, more than any climatic influence, holds him resident still in the region of the cotton field and sugar cane, after more than a quarter of a century of freedom. Around every plantation linger the numerous progeny of the scion-stock who proudly served "old marster." A few, perhaps, have wandered away with the—alas, how vain—expectation of returning, like the swallows at the next year's building, and many more have been pushed along by the tide of circumstance to other localities; but the mass of them continue with an unaccountable persistence to haunt those places where destiny first left them in bonded exile.

A beautiful and a thought-inspiring scene is the lately devastated Southland, now lying out in the yellow sunshine with its thousands of little cabins teeming with a life that holds as its richest heritage the memory of a luxurious slavery in the days of magnificence and wealth of the beloved "Dixie." To the eye of the practical, be it granted, it presents nothing more than so many begrimed faces that stand for so much physical labor, so much sweat of the brow, as will feed the engines of commerce with the products of the soil. Or, worse still, it suggests a calculation as to the probable effect it will have—not on the politics of a country, that will shape itself inevitably—but on the voting interest of parties that would possess the power of government. Nor are these considerations to be overlooked or despised; but above and beyond them are others, which the man who has a faith in something nobler than cotton and tobacco, stocks, bonds, gold, and iron, may clearly see. To him they are the rear-guard of the races, camping on the outposts of a chivalrous past; and they bespeak a bond between two peoples, farthest removed from each other in color, in intellect, and in divine appointment.

In various quarters it is affirmed that this is an age of realism, in which it is unpopular to recognize anything but the materialistic proceeds of an investment, and that man has, or thinks he has, laid bare the arcana of life, proving them to be only parts of a gigantic scheme to convert this old world of ours into dollars and cents. Widely has been echoed the despairing refrain of the "race war," and the final dictum that "nothing good could come out of Samaria." Nevertheless, the historian and the philosopher will firmly maintain that there is a secret which science has not known, and which is past finding out. It is that inexplicable power which has ever ruled the destiny of nations, and from the worst has ever evolved the best. Who shall say it was not present when those dark-laden ships sailed across the Atlantic and left the children of Ham close folded

in the fairest land of the sons of Japheth? Some wiser hand than that of Holland steered those ships, and some sweeter voice than man's bade the winds and waves conspire to bring together the antipodes of human creation. Here were placed side by side, and closely bound in interest to one another, the extremes of refinement and barbarism, courage and cowardice, thrift and indolence, culture and ignorance, religion and superstition. The one was to receive from the other the benefits of the most advanced enlightenment; to possess himself of those things which have ever been held as necessary to the progress of a race and the happiness of its people; and, in return, was to give his labor to the fields.

That slavery was a source of good to the negro must be admitted. It was his training school in civilization; and pity 'tis for him in some respects that it did not last longer. He is not yet fully away from his savagery, as witness the frequency of his crimes, and the consequent severity of his punishment. It was his greatest blessing to be thus held in restraint during that first period; and here he attained what he could not, in twice two hundred years, had he remained on his African coasts, the free barbarian of the soil. He also sustained less of evil than under the usual vicissitudes of life he would otherwise have been compelled to encounter. In the last fifty years European governments have inflicted on the tribal denizens of Africa a tenfold cruelty to that of American slavery. Necessarily, too, has this been done, and all Christendom has known it to be right; known that it was unavoidable, since this wealthy continent must yield its rich resources to further the plan of universal enlightenment.

From a missionary standpoint the Americanized negro has been thrice blessed, as the chosen people from among the latter-day heathens. Like Israel of old, he was dropped into the midst of a splendid civilization, and like Israel of old, let it be hoped, he will in some new day journey back to the Canaan of his birth, carrying with him the arts and the sciences of his fos-

ter home. Should this ever be, what sacred memories will go with him! What patriotism, what reverence for the good and beautiful must cling to him. He has seen the "Stars and Stripes" waving over him, and heard the bells of Columbia ring out the peace anthem of the Lord's day. He has sung "Home, Sweet Home" around the fireside where his loved ones gathered; he has breathed the perfume of the orange and the magnolia, and been baptized in the glory of a Southern sun. Could he forget? Not so. The soul of these things has become a part of his own soul.

It has been argued that the negro is intellectually incapable of growth; but this is not true. He has made rapid strides toward a reasonable understanding, and while "book-larnin'" is not universally popular with his race at the present stage of his career, he has acquired something of proficiency in working out the more matter-of-fact problems of every-day concern. That he is largely an imitator must be conceded. Whether this tendency will detract from his thinking and creative capacity is a question for the psychologist; but certain it is he has developed not only a remarkable but a beneficial aptitude for doing what he sees his superiors do. His church-edifice is a *fac simile* in detail of the white church; and his pulpit vocabulary is fashioned—or is supposed to be fashioned—after that of the most polished speakers of his association, the long meter quality in words, as in religious melodies, recommending itself to his musical ear. The "society," secret or otherwise, is his hobby, probably because it gratifies his love of display, affording, as it does, ample opportunity for public dress-ceremony. Be it known no "society" of his exists without its uniform; this may be only a peculiar pattern of white apron, a distinctive feature of bonnet or cap or, in fact, any regulation of brilliant color in the costume; but it is the regalia of the "order," and as such, must be donned and worn on all occasions of funerals, weddings, anniversaries and season-fêtes. It is curious to note the large

number of these organizations supported in the cities and towns. Besides Masonry and Oddfellowship there are a score or more of every name and nature; each holding its weekly, or monthly or semi-monthly meeting—and likewise enjoying at due intervals its street parade. The long procession of nodding plumes and flashing sabers, bright ribbons and tinsel braid, commend itself to the negro's civilized taste as the crowning glory, *par excellence*, among the customs of the whites; and he indulges himself by ardently aping it with a startling, if laughable, accuracy.

In deportment the colored man copies the manners, the dress, the walk, the tones of voice of the high-bred; for he is an aristocrat by birth, and has a positive dislike of, even contempt for, the so-called lower classes, dubbed by him "po' white trash." He must have his convention, his celebration, his "sociation," exactly like those of the most approved patrician in white circles. But, no doubt, the faculty of imitation reached its acme of perfection and its ultra limit in achievement in the world-famous Blind Tom. In this case idiocy imitated with a marvelous technique the highest expression of the very finest feelings and emotions of the human soul. This man, entirely uneducated, without sight, and almost devoid of the sensibilities, made his fingers reproduce the whole gamut of sound, intuitively practicing one of the rarest accomplishments of musical art. Although he was a prodigy, almost a miracle, he exemplifies the tendency of his kind to grasp an idea by first doing the actual thing it suggests; and, after all, does it not verify the excellence of the objective system of popular education; and may it not, on all lines, serve the race in the same stead that the object lesson does the child of seven?

But the negro has also his originality. In droll humor, in grotesque wit, in lugubrious solemnity, he stands alone. He is the only acknowledged negro minstrel, and occupies the position of "end man" without a peer; and where is the white son of America who has not greatly admired his inherent

dexterity with the "bones," and his inimitable grace in the double-back shuffle? As a teller, if not a writer, of tales—tender, touching, wild, yet fascinating—we shall not see his like again. His imaginative power enables him to weave around the most common-place occurrences something of marvelous romance and mysticism. The hoodoo and hoodooism, with all its legendary lore, is the ebony dreamer's own creation. The prettily supernatural tales of the "Dismal Swamp" are his. The wonderful stories of the "runaway negro" were the product largely of his fertile imagination, probably first told by black mammy, with no other thought than that of entertaining some spell-bound and admiring "little Eva." The "Jarroes," a bristling "raw-head and bloody-bones" series, familiar only to the late children of the South, had their origin in his brain; and the wizard and the now almost forgotten "conjurer" were endowed by him with a thousand new and entertaining possibilities of necromancy and sorcery.

The love of heroism has led the negro to attribute to the customary affairs of honor between man and man the chivalry of knighthood, and much of the imposing grandeur now wreathed around the memory of the old South is due to his never-tiring recital of the deeds of his ideal people. He heroized "ole marster" and "young marster," and flung a robe of romance around "ole mistus" and "young mistus" that not even the prosaic nineteenth century biographer nor historian has yet been able to throw off. His very lack of learning made him the genius of imagination, and the stately beauty of the life around him dazzled his fancy until he gave back its picture, castled and turreted with the added splendor of his dreams. Places and individuals alike assumed, in his mind, characters and attributes purely and gloriously phantasmal. The streams, the trees, the common field and wood animals, incongruous combinations, formed plots and enacted tragedies and comedies and farces at his bidding. "Brer Rabbit" and "Mr. Wolf" and "Mrs. Terapin" stalked forth quaintly,



but mightily, to conquer; for they remain with us still, the relics of the sun-bright beliefs of many a charmed childhood that played entranced in the shadow of "black mammy's" cabin, long ago. Ah, that cabin! What mnemonic voices float out from it still! What figures cluster around it! It is like a wave of the fairy godmother's wand, and at its beck sticks become horses or heroes, beggars are princes, the green sward is an enchanted land, and life once more is a thing of mystic beauty and of enchanted gladness.

Look again at the cabin-bedotted sun land, and say if only bales and ballots have emanated therefrom. Here was the birth-place of a music eloquent in its sweet simplicity as no other music can ever be. It has been heard 'round half the globe, and half the globe has applauded—in laughter and in tears. Mrs. Stowe, in her portraiture of slavery, unconsciously made the negro melody to rise high above the wail of oppression and the bark of the bloodhound. She did not intend it, but it is well; for against the sternness, nay, even in some instances, the cruelty of negro bondage, there shines out a picture of careless, indolent happiness set around with a glory of song and story such as the world has never known elsewhere.

To say that the age in which we live has not been influenced by these things is to speak inadvisedly. In this, the boasted era of common-sense, and understanding, such an idea is apt to be considered somewhat fantastic, but the scientist—he who peers into the bloom, and unravels thread by thread the spider's web—warns us that it is the infinite something we call poetry, and which is as indispensable to the strength and greatness, and the happiness of the nation, as the "seven loaves and few fishes" it so greedily pursues. Be that as it may, out of it all has grown a spirit of poetry that has had its power in the world to sway men's hearts no less than the greater inspiration of greater themes. Stephen C. Foster's "Swanee Ribber" has been sung in Russia, Germany, France, Italy, England, and eyes grew moist, and hearts

beat faster, not for the polished verse, not for the music, but for the "old folks at home, 'way down upon the Swanee river." Its author was inspired by the story of an old negro to write both the words and the air; and its companion song, "The Old Kentucky Home," had a like inspiration, and a hardly less cosmopolitan reception. A large number of the popular national ballads, with no small proportion of the published verse of this century, commemorate the sentiments and feelings of the old-fashioned darcy.

In addition a not insignificant fund of the polite literature of to-day, either deals with him in the speculative and abstract, or presents him in personality, always a pleasing figure, good-naturedly playing his little part in the drama of life.

But it is not so much the written volume to which reference is emphasized, as the general poetic tendency which seems to permeate the entire section once known as slave-holding, and which has been the negro's refuge and his guardian, as well as his master. That his presence accounts for this tendency is not to be supposed, but that it has added to it is self-evident. The negro is in Western civilization just what the streams and rocks and grottoes and waterfalls are in nature—a study in the picturesque; and those more closely associated with him have naturally partaken of the characteristic impression which he makes, just as those living on great prairies are imbued with monotony and become lonely, or as dwellers among mountains absorb a corresponding feeling of grandeur and sublimity. In a large measure, the tendency is dormant in a literary sense; but it is safe to say that it exists, and must, sooner or later, embody itself in a material form, the spirit of which will be poetry; the expression in verse and rhyme of some of the thousand echoes of the beautiful which keep men's minds and souls from stagnation.

It is a notable fact that the prose of the South, even its political stump speeches, and certainly its legislative oratory, is rife with word-painting that

could come from none but poetic and fancy-loving minds. The school-boy spouts eloquence suggestive of Clay and Calhoun, and the girl in her teens pours forth rhapsodies which, though juvenile and extravagant, hint strongly that to her there is no sacred inaccessible in song. Indeed, the large promise to the muse in the American future is in the gifted and talented Southerner, whose very existence has been surrounded and influenced by the artistic, both of the outer and the inner world; and his erstwhile slave, the black dreamer of the cotton-field, with his idiosyncrasies and quaint phantasies, has furnished his quota to the steady germination of rich and varied ideas in an impulsive and brilliant-minded people.

The negro dialect is in itself a poem, and is recognized as such, not only by our own writers, but by that most fastidious of critics, the English-reading public. This dialect, together with the negro's peculiarity of manner and thought, his pathos of sentiment, his religion, his superstition, so weird, yet so harmless, forms the basis of a school of fiction among the most popular of the times. Many writers are using it as a lucrative means of success, and some, without question, have attained to more than national favor in their

rendition of it. "Uncle Remus," "Marse Chan" and "Meh Lady" are distinctive characters, belonging exclusively to America, and will hold a niche in the world's fame when the epoch of their origin is misty with time. A recent writer says that "Pickwick Papers," the most widely-read book of the English, will in a few decades be unintelligible to the masses, because it is written largely in a dialect which is fast losing itself in the purity of the tongue to which it belongs. But not so these American classics. They will long exist as gems. Their dialect is not so much a perversion as it is a primitive and rude imitation of a chaste and elegant language; and it possesses a unique originality which will hold it apart from all other speech, though it must steadily change in its development.

The negro may pass away from the many-molded Republic of the West—and vivid are the prophecies that he will; but his foot-prints will remain long on its sands. Like the mound-builder, the cliff-dweller and the Indian, he has had his sojourn in the land of nations; but, unlike them, he has stamped something of his individuality on the nation itself. He has traced his mark across our history, our religion, our language and our literature. We shall not soon erase it.

## THALIA OR MELPOMENE.

BY MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON.

THE night would sadden us with wind and rain—  
 Let's to sweet Comedy and scorn the night.  
 Let's read together how, by silver light,  
 The fairies went, a most enchanting train,  
 Amid those clowns and lovers; how the twain,  
 Celia and Rosalind, as shepherds dight,  
 Froliced through Arden; or of that rare sprite,  
 That Ariel, who could trick the soberest brain  
 To strange beliefs. What! wilt have nothing glad?  
 Wilt read, while winds are moaning out regret,  
 The fate of Desdemona—Juliet?  
 Lovest the rain to come and make thee sad?  
 Nay, then, I know. Have thine own way, dear heart,  
 I am grown old, but once—was what thou art!

## THAT STUPID MAN.

BY JEAN WRIGHT.

### TOM'S DIARY.

*July 14th.*—Well, that job's finished, thank the Lord, and I'll get my holiday after all. Things looked pretty shady for me for awhile down there; that Petersen is such a procrastinating fool. But it's all right now, so sing Hey! for Marston Beach! It's the jolliest place in the world, with the right sort of a party; and I flatter myself I have arranged that part of it; except for that Mintholme chap. I'd rather have had Joe or Norton, or some other fellow who would be more up to things. By Jove, I feel like diving into a big wave and staying there for half an hour! Be a little element of danger in that that would add to the pleasure.

I don't suppose Mintholme can swim at all. Funny what the girls see in that fellow to rave over so, but they insisted on having him along. Isabella said he'd be an interesting feature in the landscape. Well, he can do the posing for the party.

For a fellow that's in love, Will Benton is fairly rational, and with three nice girls in the party and an inoffensive, self-effacing old party like Mrs. Richards to do the Mrs. Grundy dodge we ought to have a good time. That's a pretty decent little hotel down there, and I guess the girls won't mind roughing it a bit, just for a change.

Stunning scenery, too. Miss Caroline can get all the "Motifs" she wants. By George, she's a mighty fine girl; no nonsense about her, and good looking too; she and Mintholme ought to hit it off first-rate. He goes in for high art and poetics and all that, and I guess he could keep up his pose for a week or so. Of course I'd hate to see such a fine girl throw herself away on a fellow with no more to him really than Mintholme, but for a couple of weeks he might do very well.

Jove! how I long for those big rollers! They are the fellows for making

a man feel alive all over. Bella is the only one of the girls who can't swim. Think I'll take a day off and teach her. It's a bore to teach women to swim—nothing but a farce—but I guess Bella won't be as silly as most girls about it, she is so plucky; anyhow, I'll see about it.

### ISABELLA'S DIARY.

*July 15th.*—Well, we get off in a day or so now; and I certainly am glad, for it's hot and dusty here, and Tom says Marston Beach is lovely. Plenty of bathing and sailing, and three nice men in the party—the prospect is exhilarating! The sea-shore is all very fine for people who write or paint or do something; but for a girl with any life in her, it's absolutely necessary to have somebody to enjoy it with her.

Now there's Caroline, she paints; in the Impressionist style, I believe they call it. That means she makes everything look like something else. But she's a very nice girl. A "fine girl," people always call her; and she's rather less depressing than any "fine girl" I ever knew. They are usually so superior that one hates them; so much above the little ills that flesh is heir to that they make me nervous. But Caroline is really quite human, and if she didn't make me look so weird when she asks me to pose for her, I'd really be very fond of her. Mrs. Richards admires her immensely. Mrs. Richards will make a nice chaperon. She comes nearer being a nonentity than anybody I ever saw who escaped it after all.

Edwin Mintholme is of all men the man for a trip of this kind; he is so handsome and clever and sentimental and lazy, and I never knew a man who could look so much in earnest when he wasn't. Altogether, it's a nice party. Ellen Richards and Will Bender are rather more agreeable than most engaged people, and there's always dear old Tom.

## TOM'S DIARY.

*July 17th.*—Here we are. Got in last night three hours late; steamer delayed by a big fog—generally is, only I didn't tell them all so—but it was fine. Wind sailing across the moor, waves booming, air tasting strong of salt and a good hot supper ready for us.

Everybody was up early this morning, and quite ready for breakfast. Isabella and Mintholme earliest of all; saw the sun rise, they said; that's a fool thing to do the first day. Everybody ought to get a bit acclimated first; it's so easy to catch cold early in the morning; I should think Isabella would have more sense. It was all right for Mintholme, of course; he could go off and get a drink—several, in fact. Guess that was why he was so gay at breakfast. I predict that fellow becomes a bore before many days; he quite took possession of things at breakfast, and was exceedingly agreeable. What was it Oliver used to say—"Deliver me from the 'life of the party.'"

Quite time to go to bed. I have smoked enough for one day, and walked and swum myself dead tired beside. Some fairly good swimmers here. Miss Caroline took those breakers like a little man. Mintholme can swim a little after all; but how absurd he looked paddling around in the breakers hanging on to the belt of Isabella's dress. That's not the way to teach a girl to swim.

## ISABELLA'S DIARY.

*July 17th.*—We arrived last night, and I must say my first impression of things was not particularly enchanting. It was dark and cold, and the wind came over the moors with a very unpleasant briskness, and the sea—well, it struck me as being one of the largest and wettest bodies of water I had ever met. However, the sun is shining this morning, and when I went down at half past eight to take a little walk before breakfast with Mr. Mintholme I found the place quite charming after all. Tom has often told me about it; but people always abuse or rave over places like this, and I only half believed him.

Tom didn't sleep well last night, I think, or may be he is a little tired, he's been working so hard lately. He was quite grumpy, and when Mr. Mintholme and I told an absurd story of having gotten up to see the sunrise, he growled something under his breath that sounded remarkably like "fools." I am so glad Tom is with us. People are always saying Tom is in love with me, but that is ridiculous.

He was so horrid at breakfast; it's a pity he has such a jealous disposition; he never is decent to a new man, particularly if he sees other people like him. Now, at breakfast Mr. Mintholme was making himself so charming, and we were all so jolly and gay; of course, as Mr. Mintholme sat by me, and Tom was way across the table, I talked to Mr. Mintholme. But Mrs. Richards was next to Tom, and she tried to talk to him; I heard her ask him several questions about his Aunt Maria. Tom doesn't like his Aunt Maria, but Mrs. Richards didn't know that; and anyway, it was no reason for looking so black. And he was so rude to Mr. Mintholme, too. Mr. Mintholme saw something was wrong, and with his usual tact, tried to draw Tom into the conversation, and that stupid boy, instead of responding decently, absolutely vented his ill-humor in silly, tangled-up, would-be sarcastic speeches, directed at Mr. Mintholme, who gave him up at last, and turned away with a slightly bored expression.

We spent the rest of the day bathing and walking. Mr. Mintholme swims nearly as well as Tom does, and he was so kind about teaching me. Caroline swims as well as she does everything else; she and Tom swam way out together.

## TOM'S DIARY.

*July 18th.*—We spent the whole day sailing, and had a glorious time. Blazing sun and good, steady breeze. I don't think I ever had a finer sail. We must go again to-morrow, sure.

## ISABELLA'S DIARY.

*July 18th.*—We went sailing right after breakfast to-day, and stayed all

day. It was glorious. The sun was blazing, but the wind was quite fresh, and we tossed around a good deal. I was rather scared at first, but Caroline was so beautifully calm that I felt quite ashamed. Really, she is a splendid girl, and Tom thinks so, too; he devoted himself to her all morning, and was as grumpy as possible to me. I really felt quite vexed about it—no, not vexed—hurt. I have known Tom so long, and we have been such good friends, that I hate to have the slightest cloud come between us. At last I took matters in my own hands, and went over to him where he was leaning against the rail, talking to Caroline, and commenced talking to him; she left us, and we leaned over the rail for ever so long. Tom's awfully fond of Heine's poems, and he certainly does recite them well. He's a good deal like Heine in his disposition, I think. He thinks so, too, I think. I teased him a little about Caroline. Tom can't stand being teased; he got all cold and stiff.

I certainly should hate for Tom to marry Caroline or anybody.

TOM'S DIARY.

*July 19th:* Went sailing again to-day, and had a beastly time. Mean little gusty breeze and a broiling sun. Nasty little boat, all over tar, and that fool of a skipper either drunk or crazy; he sailed his boat like a mule car. Everybody hot and bored. Isabella and Mintholme sat in the bow, and seemed to be the only lively ones in the party. I don't see what she sees in that fellow; she has eyes for nobody else; he flirts like a girl; looks up from under his lashes and recites poetry in a ridiculous, affected way, that makes me sick. Reminds me of that fellow Howells wrote about, with the "wind harp stop" in his voice. I should think Bella would be bored to death with a fool like that, who spends his entire time posing, and says the same thing to every girl he meets. By George, the little flirt has met her match this time, and I'm half a mind to tell her so; I saw him catch hold of her hand to-day when the boat gave a

lunge—as if that would do any good—to calm her fears, I suppose. She didn't look very scared, nor as indignant as I would have supposed she would at a man's taking such a liberty as that; she gave a quick glance around to see if anybody was looking; I don't think anybody saw it but me, and I went on talking to Miss Caroline as earnestly as I could. I hope she didn't see it.

I wonder if that fellow is really in love with Bella? It makes my blood boil the way he takes possession of her! I ought to look after Joe's little sister more. I know he wouldn't like that fellow hanging round her like he does—with the reputation he's got. They say he broke that pretty little Hamilton girl's heart, and pulled out rather ungracefully from an affair with Edith Moran when her father lost his money. The sneak! I'd like to punch his head for him. Bella is so sweet and sincere and unsuspecting and high-minded herself that she would never mistrust his motives in the world, and she has been so used to being rich all her life that she couldn't realize what a temptation her money would be to an unscrupulous fellow like that. She is pretty, too, and would be easy enough to a practiced hand to work himself up to the proper state of emotion when he made love to her, no matter how mean his motives might be to start with. His look when he caught her hand to-day was ardent enough to satisfy any girl, even such an accomplished little flirt as Bella. If I loved a girl and she flirted as outrageously and openly with such a notorious fortune-hunter and lady-killer as Mintholme, I'd never speak to her again.

ISABELLA'S DIARY.

*July 19th.*—We went sailing again to-day, and I don't know if it's because things never are the same twice or what, but it wasn't very gay. Mr. Mintholme and I sat in the bow of the boat with our backs to the company; not very polite, perhaps, and "rather pointed," as Joe would say; but it makes me ill to ride backward, and, besides, I do get so tired of seeing Tom



and Caroline sitting round. They always seem to be "conversing;" Tom don't converse with me, we just talk or not as the spirit moves us, and never get bored—at least, I don't.

But, as I was saying, Mr. Mintholme and I sat in the bow all day; it's the nicest place in the boat, but I do wish they'd make it bigger, it quite cramps one after awhile. Tom spent the entire day with Caroline. She is a splendid girl. It's a pity she freckles so; I must give her some of my Georgia Cream Balm.

I certainly am glad my hair curls naturally; the damp salt air makes straight hair look so stringy.

Everybody is tanning except Mr. Mintholme. I wonder if that interesting pallor could mean dyspepsia.

I don't like sailing much. The man is always flopping the sail to the other side, and one's skirts get all tarry and the seats are so hard, and the sun was so hot, and Mr. Mintholme's air of calm possession is rather provoking at times; people will be saying next that we are engaged. He caught hold of my hand to-day right in the boat, and I am sure Caroline saw him, and she'll tell Tom; and he won't understand; Tom thinks that sort of thing is horrid. But I couldn't do anything. A rickety sail-boat is not the place exactly where one can draw one's self up superbly and say: "How dare you, sir!" and then walk off with never a backward glance. So I only said; "Oh, don't, somebody will see you!"

Tom wouldn't do anything like that. He'd be afraid. He's afraid of Caroline, I believe; he's always hanging around her, and she certainly seems to like him very much, and people are always telling me what a splendid match they'd make. How strange that a great big man like that should be afraid to say "I love you" to a little bit of a woman. I've a great mind to tell him he's a coward. I am surprised that a person so superior to the foolish conventionalities of life as she is doesn't rise to the occasion and help him on a bit. I hate a coward. If I were a man and I wanted a girl I know I'd get her! It must be because she

is so depressingly good. Now I suppose if Tom were in love with me—but he isn't, so what's the good of thinking about it.

#### TOM'S DIARY.

*July 20th.*—No sailing or bathing to-day. Rained all day and the wind blew from the east, and we were cooped up in this beastly little hotel all day long. We tried cards and fortunes and had music *ad nauseam*. Mintholme sang sickly sentimental songs and posed against the piano till I couldn't stand it, and sought refuge in the billiard room.

I wish Bella would learn to play better accompaniments. The musical education a girl gets at one of these young ladies' boarding schools is the biggest farce in the world.

Well, it's clearing a little. I'll go for a walk and get away from all these people. It's a great mistake to set a definite time for staying at a place like this. We shall all be dead of dyspepsia before we get away.

Eleven o'clock p. m.—Well, the jig's up. I went walking on the sands and passed Mintholme and Bella. He was lying at her feet in the most adoring attitude, and she was looking into his eyes with an expression I never expected to see on her cool little face. It was very dark, and I don't think they recognized me, even if they saw me, which I doubt. I am a fool—a d—n fool, and I may as well acknowledge it. Nobody will ever see this book but me, so I will just take the liberty of saying I am a d—n fool. I love her—I love her with my whole soul, and she's going to throw herself away on that miserable fortune-hunter. I love her madly, and I am choking with jealousy. I'd like to choke him and pitch him into the ocean!

By George, I am afraid of her! I am afraid to tell her I love her. When she looks at me I tremble all over like the coward that I am. And he, that miserable, sneaking fool, comes in and blandly walks away with my little Bella before my very eyes. O Bella, you will never know how I have loved you! My heart is broken!

ISABELLA'S DIARY.

*July 21st.*—Good gracious! I feel like a convict or a murderer or something! I found Tom's diary, and I READ it!

*July 22d.*—Tom and I went down on the sands last night after supper, and we discussed "love" in a purely impersonal way.

Dear old Tom. He certainly is stupid.

*July 24th.*—Two days have passed since I read Tom's diary, and I begin to believe he has a suspicion of it; he certainly does behave strangely; if what he says there is true, why—?

Last night after supper I went down on the sands with Mr. Mintholme. It was a glorious night. The skirt of my blue gown is getting shabby dragging it over the rocks so much; the wet sand stains it, too. I must get some of Caroline's cleaning fluid.

Poor dear Caroline.

It was really very nice and Sir Walter Raleigh-like of Mr. Mintholme to take off his coat for me to sit on last night; perhaps I shouldn't have let him do it, and it was rather ungrateful to laugh at a man as I did, when all the time he was shivering with cold for the sake of his gallantry. His "love" I suppose he would call it. He isn't afraid of that word. Really, he looked so picturesque and—well, suitable, lying on the sand, with his back to the moonlit ocean, looking up at me. Tom always stares at the water, like I wasn't in the world. He has such nice, direct blue eyes (Mr. M., I mean), and there is such an honest ring to his love-making that one can hardly remember he is only flirting. Why, he got so interested last night he let the beloved cigar go out four times. He recites Heine, too; not so well as Tom, however; he's not "up to" Heine. He has translated some of the shorter poems, and I recited them to him. Not because I think they are good—Tom's not a poet—but because he don't like Tom, you know. Just then a dark figure strolled past us. "Oh, there's Tom," I said. "Do call him; he recites them beautifully." Mr. Mintholme growled something under his breath, and then did manage to

comply with my request, but as he held his cigar firmly between his teeth, naturally Tom didn't hear, and went on. "Your friend seems to have other engagements for this evening," said Mr. Mintholme, with ironical grace. "Probably going walking with Caroline," said I, lightly. But I don't believe he heard him, and anyway, he didn't know I told him to call him.

After Tom went on, we sat and looked at the water a long time. I had forgotten all about the Heine verses, and had gone off into a delicious dream about—all sorts of things—when my reverie was interrupted by Mr. Mintholme's saying, softly, "Isabella." I started violently; he never called me Isabella before. "You will let me call you Isabella, won't you?" he said. I wasn't more than half awake from my dream, and I positively was silly enough to say "Yes" without thinking. "Isabella," he continued, "there is something I must say to you; will you listen to me?" "No," said I; "I am cold, and I want to go to bed; you can tell me some other time." Mr. Mintholme got up more quickly than I had ever seen him before, and said in a very stately tone, "Oh, certainly, Miss Wilton, let us return to the hotel."

Tom is so stupid.

*July 25th.*—Well, I certainly am surprised. Edwin Mintholme is in earnest—really in earnest, after all. I never was more surprised in my life. I had no idea that—Isabella, are you telling the truth? Nobody will ever see this little book; now be honest for once. Didn't you, way down in the depths of your heart, have a vague suspicion that there was a slight possibility that this very good looking young man might like you a little better than was exactly good for his peace of mind? Well, let us waive that question and proceed with the narrative.

This morning I went out on the veranda, and Tom was there. I drew back with an unaccountable little feeling of shyness (I don't see why I should feel shy with Tom) but it was too late; he saw me and came straight up and said "Isabella, won't you please come for a little walk with me?"

"No," I said, "it's too hot." Tom glared at me a minute, and then turned on his heel and stalked away to the railing, where he stood, smoking furiously, utter indignation expressed in every line of his figure.

Tom is awfully disagreeable sometimes; he must have known I wanted to go with him.

While I was standing there in a hopeless kind of a way, feeling a bit sheepish, it must be confessed, Mr. Mintholme came through the window, evidently looking for me. He came up and said; "Miss Wilton, I must speak to you. Will you come for a walk with me?"

As we strolled off over the bluff, I noticed that Mr. Mintholme was looking rather pale and stern, and was about to "guy" him a little. (I hate slang, but Joe is so slangy one picks it up in spite of one's self.) But just then a puff of wind came along and took Mr. Mintholme's hat off, and whirled it along for ever so far. He did look so funny chasing it! Making a grab for it, and just missing it, and at last securing it by unintentionally sitting down on it. Mr. Mintholme is very handsome and dignified, but he

seems to have almost no sense of humor, and the fun of the thing never seemed to strike him at all. In fact, when he came back to me, all hot and breathless, he really seemed almost angry to find me laughing. But it was so funny! I wonder if Tom saw him.

Well, as I was saying, we walked on over the bluff and sat down under the shade of a big rock that hung out over the water. It's a glorious day, and one can almost see the towers on the castles in Spain just over the way.

A man doesn't stop to round his periods when he is very much in earnest, but I really don't see that there was any necessity for Mr. Mintholme to be quite so unpleasant. A man never gains anything by being disagreeable, and I am sure he flirted as much and as hard as I did, at first. He looked very handsome in his wrath, and his eyes were bluer than ever. He has gone home on the afternoon boat.

Well, it won't hurt him much, and Tom is so stupid. He'll get over it—they always do. Heart-breaking, fool-making, until-death-do-us-part passions are out of date now.

Poor dear Caroline.

## THE VIGIL.

BY ROBERT LOVEMAN.

**L**EST some sweet thought all unaware,  
Slip by me on the viewless air,  
Lest some dear dream that softly stole,  
Past many a mighty Poet-soul,

I'll in the morning sunshine sit,  
And watch, and wait, and pray for it,—  
Naught else possess my mind or eye,  
Lest some sweet thought slip shyly by.

## MIDWINTER TRAVELS IN MEXICO.

BY DR. AUGUST SCHACHNER.



A Peon Cargadore.

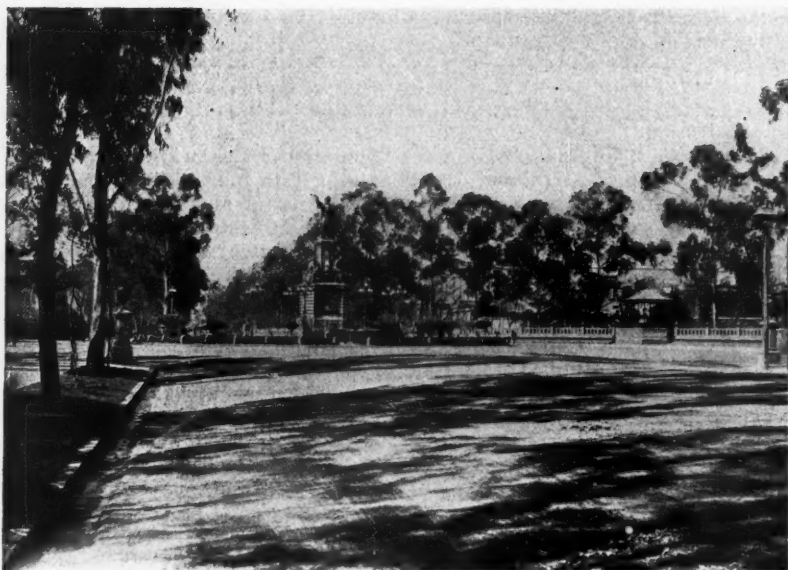
THE *Paseo de la Reforma*, or the Empress' drive, is the fashionable boulevard of the City of Mexico. It was planned by the Empress Carlotta, and has been referred to as "the bequest of the Empire to the Republic." At its starting point there is a large imposing plaza of a somewhat triangular shape, having in its most prominent place the equestrian statue of Charles IV., which Humboldt declared, next to the monument of Marcus Aurelius, to be the finest monument in the world. One end butts against the solitary bluff at the base of which Montezuma met Cortez over three centuries ago, and upon the summit of which is located the White House of Mexico and the West Point of the Republic. Between these is the *Paseo*, one of the finest driveways in the world. It is two miles in length and almost two hundred feet in width; and from end to end there is not the slightest evidence of any undulation in its surface, or any swaying in its course. As you look down this well-shaded avenue the foliage of the trees on either side seems to meet in the distance.

In its course the *Paseo* pierces four *glorietas*, or circles, which have a diameter of about four hundred feet. The crescentic edges of these *glorietas* are supplied with a row of benches, and upon one side there is a bandstand which, during the hours of driving, upon feast days, is occupied by the band. The center of these *glorietas* contains a smaller circle which holds a heroic monument. Of these four the first is the Columbus *glorieta*, containing a monument of Columbus. The second, and by far the more attractive of the two that are occupied, since the

remaining circles, while dedicated respectively to Juarez and Hidalgo, are as yet without monuments, is the one which is dedicated to Cuautemoc, the last of the Aztec rulers. This memorial stands upon a slight elevation which is reached by ascending a short stair-way guarded upon each side by bronze leopards. The lower of the three sections, which constitute the pedestal, is ornamented upon two sides by suitable inscriptions, and upon the other two by reliefs, of which the one upon the south side is the most interesting.

This relief represents the tortures to which Cuautemoc and his cousin Tlacopan, Prince of Texcoco, were subjected by Cortez, who endeavored to force from Cuautemoc the secret of the hidden treasure. The relief represents Cuautemoc and Tlacopan bound upon stone slabs with their feet hanging over flames of fire. Around the tortured warriors are clustered the Spaniards, anxiously awaiting the secret, which he never disclosed. "Do not be weary," he said to his tormentors; "he who has resisted famine, death and the wrath of the gods, is not capable of humiliating himself now like a weak woman; the treasury of the kings of Mexico I submerged in the lake four days before the siege of the city, and you will never find it." Even to the present time the anniversary of his torture, which was on the twenty-first day of August, is honored by a *fiesta* observed by the Indians.

The *Paseo* presents at all times a charming appearance, but upon feast days it becomes a perfect panorama of equipages filled with haughty dons and dignified *señoras*, with gallant *señors* and bewitching *señoritas*, all speeding in one endless chain down one side and up the other like a series of marches and countermarches, which are quickened by the lively airs from the orchestras in the *glorietas*. It seems to be a fondness in the Mexican nature to



Giorietta and Statue of Columbus.

convert every festive hour into a dress parade, in which every one goes in to see and be seen, for such is what the *Paseo* presents upon a feast day; and on a Sunday morning this pleasure is indulged in to a more striking degree in the "Alameda."

The "Alameda" is a beautifully designed park, located in the heart of the city. Besides the many short promenades, which lead among its flowers and tropical plants, there is an especially broad and attractive one upon which society's dress parades are held. If you should chance to be near the "Alameda" upon a Sabbath morning you would find every one busy preparing the mall for the "turn out." Sweeping, trimming, arranging of chairs and the stretching of the canvas gives to the "Alameda" an air of unusual activity. At eleven o'clock one of the orchestras strikes a lively march, which is the signal for the opening of the carnival. In a few moments thereafter the mall will be crowded with gaudily-attired characters strutting about in such an affected manner as to puzzle one to decide whether this is Spanish cake walk, or whether the contents of some ball-room

has suddenly been poured into the "Alameda." If the magnetism of this whirl does not draw you into its current you can relish the novelty by dropping into one of the chairs, for which you will be readily assessed a *real*. In this cozy position you can sit in the balmy air listening to the music and watching this unique procession, which usually lasts about two hours. Although the "*Paseo*" and the "Alameda" are restricted to the autocracy, the peon has the same fondness of putting himself upon exhibition as his more favored countrymen. If you will turn in the opposite direction you will find near the suburb of the city a long, narrow canal called the "La Viga," which is to the peon what the "*Paseo*" is to the aristocrat. The Viga is one of the few vestiges left of the original Aztec city, which was the Venice of the new world. Originally the valley of Mexico was mainly occupied by an immense lagoon, but since the introduction of measures which have largely drained this basin, the original lagoon has formed itself into six small lakes, of which Lake Texcoco is the lowest and the largest. It receives the overflow from the others,





Glorietta and Statue of Guatemoc.

and is connected with the edge of the city by the *Viga* canal; so that this canal not only serves as an outlet to the lakes, but becomes at once an artery of commerce and pleasure. Its banks are lined upon one side with some of the most ancient and unique structures to be seen in Mexico. On the other side is a rudely-constructed *Paseo*, which in places is made particularly attractive by its unusual location and the beautiful archways which are formed by overhanging limbs of the trees.

The most profitable time to visit the *Viga* is in the early morning, and the best location from which to obtain a view of this attractive sight is at the *Garitas*, or the gates, where the numerous boats loaded with an endless variety of cargoes are passed upon the payment of the toll. Here you see an amusing variety of boats loaded with all kinds of material, from stone, wood and other crude substances to the pleasing effects noticed in the barges packed with vegetables of varied hues and the canoes filled with beautiful bouquets. But upon feast days the sight is still more beautiful, for then the picturesque bridges which span this interesting canal become crowded with animated figures in gaudy attire; and, as for the waters

below, they fairly swarm with barbaric-looking gondolas decorated with garlands of flowers and filled with occupants in the highest state of glee. Music and merriment are mingled with sunshine and flowers, and all are blended into one jubilee of pleasure.

Begging, stealing and gambling are misfortunes and frailties that are not restricted to any individual nation, but are common to the human race the world over, and in speaking of these frailties in Mexico, we deal with their character and degree as they appear in the eyes of the traveler. Begging exists in the most colossal proportions, and is of the most pathetic character. In fact, those who live in the United States are unable to conceive what pauperism really means until they cross the *Rio Grande*.

Among the best and most prominent articles of diet to which the peon is accustomed, are the *tortillas*, *frijoles*, *cili con carne*, a little *dulce*, and perhaps a glass of *pulque*, or a sample of *tequila* thrown in. This is what the peon would call exceptionally high living, and really such a diet is enjoyed by a very small proportion of this class. In some parts of Mexico the *tortilla* serves

the purpose of a plate, and when the meal is ended the plate itself is eaten. If food of such a coarse quality, and that in such meagre quantities, should represent the exception, it need not be a surprise if illustrations of the worst should be almost incredible. To refer to an entire family as subsisting upon a diet of a single rod of sugar-cane per day may seem strange, yet it is a common occurrence to walk upon the "Zokalo," beneath the shadow of the Grand Cathedral, and notice a peon with perhaps three or four children drop five or six *centavos* into the tray of one of the vendors, and take therefrom the same number of small glasses, holding about a gill and filled with *dulce*, which is nothing more than a gelatine which has been flavored, colored and sweetened. A glass of this for each of the family constitutes a breakfast, which is eaten upon the spot.

One of the saddest features peculiar to the Mexican beggars is the percentage of blindness which exists among them, and which is a result of their licentious and unclean habits. So numerous are they that at times they will fairly besiege the trains. All sizes and ages will be represented, from the blind, maimed and decrepit old mendicants, to the tattered and interesting little *niños* and *niñas*, who hold out their tiny palms and join in the plaintive chorus of "*Un centavo, señor.*" This is not confined to the trains and the streets; even the entrances to the churches are not without the crouching forms of blind and ragged beggars.

In the City of Mexico, stealing is practiced by a certain class as one of the fine arts. The Mexican thief is so polite, so clever in his work and so scientific in his methods that it has

been said if he and a Parisian pick-pocket were stealing for points, it would be difficult to decide as to which should receive the highest rating.

In the country at large, petty theft is not any more noticeable than elsewhere; but when you reach the Capital, you will usually receive a timely warning, if not an untimely experience.

There is a feature about the dress of many tourists which forms a temptation that the Mexican thief cannot resist. It is the practice of carrying a kerchief in the side coat-pocket, with

a liberal portion of one corner exposed to view. To them this is an indication that its possessor is one of the late arrivals, and is often used as a bait by those who are not late arrivals to trap an unsuspecting thief. While loitering about the Zokalo in company with a gentleman who has had varied experiences in Mexico, this dodge was proposed and carried out with the usual result.

We started down the "*Calle de San Francisco*," which is one of the principal thoroughfares of the Capital. One end of the kerchief was flowing from the side coat-pocket in the most tempting manner;

but in this instance precaution was taken to securely pin the other end within the coat. We had gone but a little more than a block before a pair of slender fingers reached out in the crowd and jerked at the kerchief, which did not pull as easily as was expected.

One of the strongest traits in the Mexican character is his fondness for gambling and sports of an exciting nature. The peon will tramp for miles, and then almost pawn his scalp to wager upon the outcome of a cock-fight; and the modest *señorita*, whose ethics are uncompromisingly exact,



Peon Selling Pulque

will so forget herself at a bull fight as to wave her fan in recognition of any exceptional maneuvers made by some member in the ring below.

Feast days and Sundays are largely monopolized by the cock pit, the bull ring and the gaming table. Along the Viga canal and at Tacubaya, which is a few kilometers beyond the Castle of Chapultepec, can be seen perfect "Monto Carlos," where legalized gaming is conducted with such vigor that a spectator is forced to think that if the Mexicans were as energetic in all matters as they are in gaming, Mexico would be the first nation in the world.

The favorite gaming resorts of the peons are along the Viga canal. Here and there are groups of low adobe buildings with thatched roofs; beneath which are restaurants, *cantinas*, *pulquerias* and all the games the laws allow, including many which they do not allow. The interesting feature of these resorts is the hardened characters which swarm about, and the primitiveness which pervades everything about the place.

In Tacubaya there is more of a variety in the games as well as the gamblers.

The streets of this little suburb are packed with peons engaged in small games, while the autocratic don is trying his luck in the enormous gambling hall situated in an attractive garden just beyond. If you visit this garden and glance into this hall, you will obtain a good idea of what gambling means in Mexico. Here you will see a table about seventy-five feet long with four or five stacks of dollars, amounting in all to over a barrel of silver. The places about this table are always in demand, and a number are occupied by venturesome *señoritas* who are trying their hand at "the wheel of Fortune."

A scene of a similar nature was witnessed in Orizaba, where about one hundred men, women and children, with a cross of ashes upon their foreheads, which the priest had marked upon them in the morning, the day being Ash Wednesday, were intensely absorbed in gambling beneath the very shadow of the church itself.

In every gaming center there is a liberal number of *pulquerias* to which the players can repair for nerve stimulation. The origin of *pulque* dates back to the

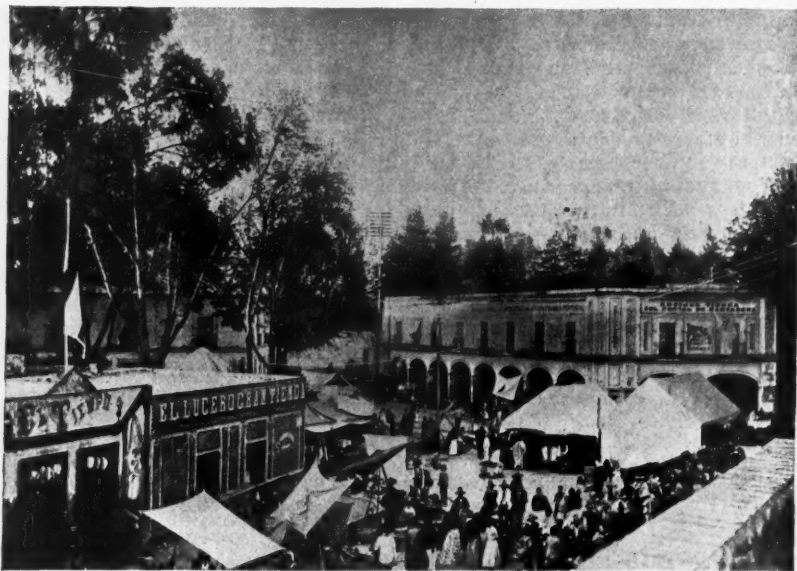


Plaza and Church of San Francisco.

time of the Aztecs, and at present it is to the Mexican what beer is to the German. Its daily consumption amounts to such an enormous quantity that it has become one of the principal sources of revenue to the Government, and a hacienda of first-class *maguery* plants is considered as one of the most profitable investments in Mexico. It is produced by cutting out the heart of the largest *Agave Americana*, or century plant, which leaves a cup-shaped depression in the central part of the plant, into which the sap flows in quantities of

of *pulque* to the Capital requires the use of a number of separate trains. In its appearance *pulque* looks very much like diluted milk. A foreigner seldom relishes his first glass of this beverage.

One of the most interesting features in connection with the Capital is the wonderful collection of Aztec relics in the National Museum, where a rare archæological treat awaits the traveler; and, if he takes the trouble, he can still find many landmarks bearing upon the siege of the original City of Tenoch-



Gambling in the streets of Tacubaya.

more than a gallon per day for a period of over a month. As this depression becomes filled, a peon comes along and empties it by means of an *acocote*, which is a rude-looking pipette constructed of a long gourd by drilling capillary openings into its ends. This juice, which is called *agua miel*, or honey water, is then allowed to flow into a reservoir consisting of a hog-skin, which he carries upon his back. When this receptacle is filled, it is carried to the *casa*, where the juice is allowed to undergo fermentation, which prepares it for the market. To transfer the daily product

itlan, the metropolis of the Aztecs. Prototypes of the *chinampas*, or floating gardens, can be seen along the Viga canal, and the causeway where Alvarado, the lieutenant of Cortez, made his famous leap upon the dismal night, can still be located.

The shape of the Republic of Mexico has been compared to a cornucopia, with its broad end directed toward the United States. The central part of this vast territory is occupied by a plateau ranging over eight thousand feet above sea level. On the west this plateau gradually slants toward the Pacific

ocean, on the east it inclines toward the Gulf of Mexico.

In passing from the plateau to the hot lands, a journey which, if possible, every traveler in Mexico should avail himself of, you will witness some of the rarest scenery in the world. You leave the Capital in the early morning for Vera Cruz over the Mexican railway; at noon you reach the station of Esperanza, beyond which the beautiful scenery begins, and then continues to within about fifty kilometers of the city of Vera Cruz, where you encounter hot

of feet below, and as you peep across this valley you will see the encircling mountains, whose sides resemble huge folds of green velvet, and whose pointed peaks cut a ragged line into the blue and white horizon. When you reach the station of Bota, which is just above the village of Maltrata, you will be saluted by a coterie of barefooted *niñas*, who raise their baskets of flowers and fruit temptingly before you and sing their little songs of "*Flores señor, Fruta señor.*" When the train grinds its way onward they will wave their tiny fin-



On La Viga Canal—the Mexican "Bowery."

sandy plains thickly studded with chaparral. Soon after leaving Esperanza the train is carefully inspected, its wheels are examined, brakes tested and everything prepared for the descent to the lowlands. As you near the edge of the plateau the valleys spread themselves before you like marvelous panoramas. Suddenly the train will begin to grind and twist, and in the next moment you will be following a serpentine track built upon a terrace cut into the side of the mountain. From your window you can look down into the luxuriant valley of La Joya, thousands

gers, and, with a musical "*Adios señor,*" dart down the mountain to the village of Maltrata, which lies spread out like a checker-board in the bottom of the valley. To reach Maltrata, which is less than a mile below, it is necessary to pass along a number of curves and reverse curves, amounting to a distance of five or six kilometers. The little *niñas* take the more direct course and reach Maltrata ahead of the train; and when you arrive, the same little eyes will sparkle like brilliants, as the children again temptingly hold their baskets of flowers and fruits before you





Jackels in the Hot Lands

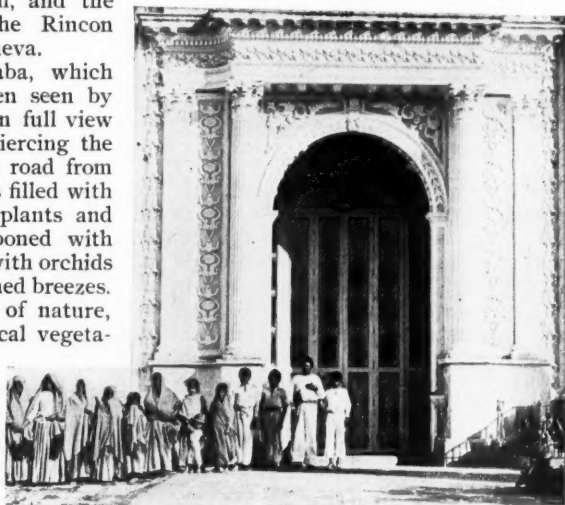
and smile at your amazement in allowing them to beat the railway.

After leaving the valley of La Joya, you enter the Barranca del Infiernillo, or the ravine of the little hell. In passing through this *barranca* you ride along the very edge of a precipitous cliff hundreds of feet high. This ravine opens into the valley of Orizaba, in which lies one of the most ancient and interesting towns along the road. This town, Orizaba, is a place that should not escape the traveler's attention. It is located just above the "fever level," and lies in the most pleasant climate of the country. Its low, squatty dwelling houses, its quaint churches and picturesque mills all combine to make it a most interesting place, even if deprived of the beautiful orchids which abound in this region, and the noted cascades of the Rincon Granda and Barrio Nueva.

The peak of Orizaba, which hitherto has only been seen by glimpses, now comes in full view with its pearly cone piercing the opalescent skies. The road from Orizaba to Vera Cruz is filled with varied and beautiful plants and trees, which are festooned with mosses and decorated with orchids that wave in the perfumed breezes. This is the paradise of nature, ornamented with tropical vegetation, perfumed with blossoms, and enlivened with solos from warblers in their many-hued regalias. In passing through this floral region you never lose sight of the peak of

Orizaba, whose silver cone reminds you of an aged sentinel guarding the enchanted regions of the boundless park below. Not until you reach the hot plains surrounding Vera Cruz do you lose sight of this glistening peak.

The traveler usually reaches Vera Cruz in a frightened and prejudiced state of mind. The abundance of well-meaning advice, and the numerous uninviting descriptions which he hears while yet upon the plateau, makes him feel like getting out of Vera Cruz long before he ever gets in. It is true that the city is paradoxically composed of a notable amount of cleanliness and uncleanness; for to stand off and take a general view from a distance you would at once pronounce it by far one of the cleanest cities in the



Church of Nuestra Senora de las Remedios.



High School and Alameda.—Vera Cruz.

Republic: and, again, as you pass along its streets, whose surfaces are faultlessly swept, you will suddenly encounter intolerable stenches. The streets are remarkably straight, and, so far as the eye can see, unusually clean. In fact, in some quarters the gutters of the street are swabbed daily with crude carbolic acid, which in itself contributes to the total stench of the town. Unlike most Mexican cities, the houses are commonly two or three stories high, an exception necessary as a protection from the many fatal and varied forms of fevers. The green shutters and odd porticoes have created a comparison between Vera Cruz and old Spain. You will scarcely have entered the city before your attention will be attracted by the numerous buzzards, or *zopilotes*, flying about; these constitute the scavengers of the town, and the killing of one of these birds renders the offender liable to punishment. Aside from the intense heat and that peculiar, intolerable stench the inhabitants themselves are an interesting study. It is not their cosmopolitan nature which interests you as much as it is their physical condition, for here an acute observer can detect

the secret of the remarkable preservation of the peon of the plateau, notwithstanding his miserable and insufficient food and unsanitary surroundings. On the table-lands the peon receives much less for his labors, his food is more sparing, and his overcrowding greater and surroundings filthier; yet you do not observe the proportionate number of chronic sufferers that are common in the lowlands. It is a fact that, even upon the plateau, the death rate is far higher than the natural conditions warrant; but this death rate is mainly dependent upon epidemic diseases, of which the commonest are small-pox and typhus fever, diseases which, with proper sanitation, could practically be overcome. This makes you believe more than ever that if there is any place where the inhabitants should never die it is upon the Mexican plateau. The rarefied air, the uniformity of climate, the charm of the country, the constancy of the sunshine, and, if properly managed, the fertility of the soil, should combine to make the Mexican plateau the health resort of the Western Hemisphere. This fact must become known, the sanitation improved, the accommodation increased,

and then time alone will be necessary to cause an influx of pilgrims from the North, who will regain their health and become prominent and useful accessions to our sister Republic. Were it not for these natural advantages, the peon, with his insufficient nourishment and improper hygienic surroundings, would, in a few years, be practically wiped away by a still more destructive disease than those which already occasion such a heavy and unnecessarily high death rate.

A visit to Vera Cruz can be made with reasonable safety between the middle of December and the middle of March; at all other times the foreigner courts an unnecessary danger and certainly exposes himself to an unreasonable degree of discomfort by such indiscretion.

From reports of the American Consul, Mr. Chas. Schaefer, it appears that there are about forty chances in one hundred in favor of foreigners dying when infected with yellow fever; and, if the time of the year in visiting Vera Cruz is disregarded, the escape of an attack of this fever is a practical impossibility, even with the most careful precaution. From an abstract of Mr. Schaefer's observations, calculating the population of the city at about 30,000, the death rate for 1894 was  $53\frac{1}{2}$  to the thousand. There were 1,605 deaths, of which 209 were from yellow fever, 40 from small-pox, and 1,356 from other causes. Generally speaking, more die from tuberculosis than from any other single cause, proving the salubrious influence of the high altitude of the plateau.

A feature which makes many travelers desirous of getting out of Vera Cruz soon after the arrival is the heat,

which, even in the mornings of January or February, becomes sweltering. If you chance to visit the sandy beach near the southern extremity of the city, you will be able to appreciate some of the discomforts to which the residents of the hot-lands are subjected. One who is unaccustomed to this climate can scarcely tolerate a visit to this beach during the hottest part of the



Castle San Juan de Ulloa.

day, and if such a visit is undertaken you will find the boiling sands swarming with lizards, snakes, and a host of pestiferous insects. Sleeping in one of the hotels means to spend a night in an incubator.

Among the interesting sights about Vera Cruz is the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, which is located upon the island where Cortez landed, in the year of 1519. In the construction of the castle the better part of a century was consumed, and from its massive appearance and the numerous bombardments to which it has been subjected, there is every reason to believe that its hoary walls will withstand the ravages of centuries to come.

During my visit it was still used as a prison, but has since been converted into an arsenal and a ship-yard. It is probable that in the entire world there never was a prison surrounded with more sunshine and filled with more gloom than San Juan. To walk along one of

its enclosures and suddenly see numerous arms, partly enveloped in tattered sleeves, thrust through the casements produces a most weird sensation; and if you step to one of these casements and get a glimpse of the interior, not to speak of the underground cells, you will be forcibly reminded of Dore's illustrations of the *Inferno*. But with all this Vera Cruz is not without some very attractive features, and, in fact, most of the unattractive features are of an unavoidable nature. Much of the stench which makes the town so unpleasant is owing to the flatness of the location and the utter absence of drainage, so that the vaults, which are within the houses, with the best of attention, become in this intense heat centers for the foulest odors.

Among the notable attractions is a high school whose curriculum is of the highest and broadest character; a library that many American cities of three times the population of Vera Cruz would be proud of; and a mer-

cantile house whose size and peculiar history make it an extremely attractive establishment. It occupies a famous old convent whose stair-ways consist of wonderfully constructed arches of stone, and in a niche in one of the walks can still be seen one of the original saints of the convent.

In returning to the table-lands you can select the Inter-oceanic road which passes through wildly romantic ravines, and by antique villages with moss-grown churches and abandoned convents. The journey is begun in the early part of the afternoon, which enables you to witness, while in the midst of the wildest mountain scenery, a sunset of a marvelous grandeur. By night you reach the town of Jalapa, which in the moonlight appears as though it were glued to the almost perpendicular side of the mountain. At Jalapa every one puts up for the night. Even the locomotive is side-tracked as though to rest for the mountain-climbing, which



A Street in Vera Cruz.

begins the next morning before day-break. When the journey is resumed you are just beneath the clouds, through which you can see the gray outlines of the distant peaks, which, in the gradually rising sun, appear like monstrous ghosts. After whirling along the most fantastic curves you reach the clouds, and then everything is wrapped in dense fog. Soon you are above the clouds, and then you can

look down through the mist upon the villages below, just as you looked up at the peaks an hour before. In reaching the plateau the road describes curves and figures about the different peaks which enables you to obtain glimpses of villages an hour before the train reaches them. This continues until you reach the city of Puebla, which is located toward the edge of the plateau.



Drawn by W. L. Maclean.

"Arbol de la Noche Triste."

The tree under which Cortez slept on the "Dismal Night."



## AN IDYL OF SECTION 8.

BY OLGA ARNOLD.

IT was in 1870, in south-west Missouri. The railroad had been graded to Section 8, and there a nomadic group of many nationalities settled itself, and formed what the citizens down in the valleys called "Shanty Town."

The surveyor's line had been unswerving and inconsiderate in its course, passing straight through beautiful orchards and gardens, and cutting off corners of buildings if they were not moved. But Shanty Town, in locating itself, infringed upon nobody so far as ground space was concerned. It occupied a part of the swamp-edged tableland of the Ozark mountain range, which was rocky and arid. Unless the rattle-snake shook his tail in wrath as he retired to the hollows, no protest was made against the invasion of graders and tie makers, though, in the eyes of the natives down the country, who prided themselves upon their homespun decorum, their mode of life was outlandish and low.

The railroad was to be a great innovator, and its first center of business as a market-place for butter, milk, eggs and fruit, was Shanty Town. Its rollicking night-life, its drinking, and gambling for small stakes, caused "wildness" to break out anew among several farmers—wildness, which, under the regular conditions of rural existence, had lain dormant for a long time; and there cropped up a like tendency in the young men who looked upon the easy, loose living in Shanty Town, and tasted its "bust head" whiskey.

Low log huts, with earth floors, made comfortable with mud-filled chinks, were the domiciles for families; and the same kind of huts on a larger scale served for boarding houses, in which unmarried men ate and lodged. Rude structures built of planks set on end were used for the two saloons and the solitary drug store. Without model

or plan, the town was built among scrub-oaks, and its inhabitants soon made roads from one house to another which, in their crookedness and narrowness, resembled hog paths in the woods. They wound around piles of ties, depressions in the earth, and clay heaps here and there. Two broad roads led to the saloons, and they were straighter.

The time was to come for the passing away of Shanty Town; and with it a double-apartment boarding-house, which set back from the other houses, the four-paned back windows of which looked out upon a swamp. But incidents connected with it remained in the memory of John Allen, the farmer. This boarding-house was kept by an Irishman and his wife. With them lived the latter's niece, Kate Diggins. Kate's wantonness, her sprightliness and daring, won for her the name of "The Imp." Some said that the "devil" was in her eyes, but they said, too, that she was the light of their section; and any of the young men would have preferred to suffer from her mischievous tricks rather than be unnoticed by her. Though they were never permitted to make love to her, they came to feel that she was theirs, to have and to hold, inasmuch as she remained with them while several other lights of her sex had come, grown restless, and passed on. She belonged to Section 8.

One morning late in March she was folding the blankets and laying them on the bunks, smooth and orderly, all the while singing "Bantry Bay." John Allen walked around the swamp with a basket of eggs on his arm. He was silently complaining that he had been urged to take eggs to market when he ought to have been at the plow.

Looking out of the window Kate said: "An' who's that?"

She was especially impish this morning. The impishness that prompted

her to throw a biscuit after Pat O'Hearn, as he rounded a pile of ties, was the same that made her take the eggs from the young farmer's hands with a shrill expression of delight, which so startled the man that for a moment he was speechless. His pink face grew a deeper pink, and his large, blue eyes stared in wonderment. She asked him how many eggs he brought, and what he wanted for them; but he said he didn't know how many there were, and that she might give what they were worth; though upon starting from home his mother said: "There are four dozen, John, for fifteen cents a dozen, and don't let them cheat you."

The girl looked at John again, and then the twinkle passed from her eyes. She turned and counted the eggs, at intervals looking up at him. Once she saw him gazing at one of her heavy black braids which had fallen over her shoulders, and once at her chubby hand as it carried an egg from the basket to the table. Handing him the money, she said, in very subdued tones:

"They're seventeen cents a dozen to-day. When can you bring some more?" "As soon as mother has some more—in about a week, I guess," he answered.

As he walked around the house and faced the swamp, he put his hand behind, and felt a torn place in his shirt to ascertain if it were at that moment above or below the waistband of his trousers; and he thought of his home-knit suspenders, wondering if they had got much soiled since Sunday. Kate returned to the folding of blankets, for she had put but five bunks in order, and had still five on the opposite side to finish. As she folded and smoothed them, old thoughts about other round blue eyes were revived.

Down the hollows and along the hill sides, John was walking, seeing nothing but the buxom, lively sprite who laughed in his face, then looked deeply at him and grew quiet. He told his mother that it was time for the rattlesnakes to come out of their holes to get a sunning, and that 'Mandy ought not to go among the hills, 'I'll sell

the eggs myself," he said. She willingly assented to this, since he had "drove a bargain," as she thought, and got more this time than was expected; "but don't get acquainted with them rough people, John; their ways ain't your ways."

He took old Doll to the garden and plowed. The blue birds and wrens, in their search for nesting-places, rested on the palings, twittering in pairs, and the sparrows in couples hopped about on the new-made clods, all of which the plowman was unusually conscious of, as their enjoyment echoed that of his own heart.

When he carried eggs to Shanty Town again, Kate met him and again laughed in his face; not in ridicule, but through gladness, a feeling that certain lively natures can express in no other way. He wore his Sunday suit of clothes, and it was he this time who was scanned from head to foot. In her mind Kate made comparisons between him and her rough, clay-bespattered companions of Section 8, and with the candour of one thoughtless of appearances and criticism, said,

"I like to look at ye."

While John believed her, he was half afraid of her; but, not to seem less courageous than she, he replied, as he reached for his basket:

"And I like to see you, too."

"Then bring me some more eggs," she said, with a bewitching toss of her head and a little impatient kick at a stool that was in the way of one of her feet.

He left her and planned to invade Shanty Town for other purposes than to sell eggs.

In the soft, fading light of another day he ascended the hill in front of the farm-house door, and with bold aspect approached the rude town; but as he drew near it his courage waned, and he wavered in his purpose. What would he do when he arrived there? He thought of the boarders that he might encounter, and said:

"Maybe they'll act bad, and maybe she'll wonder what I come for."

He reached the swamp, still unsettled as to what to do. Looking at one of the

back windows, through which shone a small lamp, he sat down on a log and watched it. The bull-frogs sang around him, and he looked more and more wistfully towards the little window. Forms crossed it and recrossed it, as in a panorama, and then he saw men pass out the door on the opposite side of the house. They had eaten supper, and were going out into the two broad roads, into which others and others were turning. Then a smaller form bobbed up and moved about. With a quick-beating heart he watched it, as the moth watches the star, while it passed back and forth, now blotting out the little flame, and now being illuminated by it while passing on the other side of the lamp. When he had been chilled, without knowing it, and was stiffened by the long sitting, the little flame went out and his loved star had set. While Kate slumbered, snugly tucked in her bunk, he walked home by the light of the stars.

The next evening he again sauntered up the hill, and, reaching the swamp, sat upon the log without any definite purpose. As much as he longed to be with the girl of whom he thought all day as he worked in the field, there seemed to be a barrier at her threshold. As informal as were the denizens of Shanty Town, their ways, as his mother had said, were not his ways; and it seemed to him that he must sit with the frogs that sang their monotonous song for her day and night, and get what solace he could from gazing at her through the little window; or else he must continue to sell eggs at her house, which sordid business, in connection with love-making, was unsatisfactory. Sitting there expecting to see a repetition of the previous panorama, and anxiously awaiting the passing out of the men, he was surprised to see Kate, with a shawl over her head, dart around the house and along the path toward him. Though his heart beat with violent joy, he stirred not until she came up to him and uttered a little cry, not of alarm, but of surprise:

"Who are you?"

"Don't be scared," said John. "It's just me, John Allen, who brought eggs to you."

"O, I was just running over to Mrs. Hagerty's to get some yeast; but how comes it you are here?"

"I was just passin', and stopped to listen to the frogs. I love to hear 'em holler."

"Come and go with me," she said; and he went.

As they walked on, passing by Mrs. Hagerty's and along the outskirts of the cluster of dimly lighted homes, they exchanged bits of information regarding their past lives. That of the young farmer had been uneventful, but that of the light of Shanty Town had been changeful, and contained some shadows which she passed over. She had for five years kept pace with the newer ends of railroads, generally moving on when the shining steel rails were laid on the grading. When the rattling cars passed over them she felt the impulse to move on. She would leave this section in the summer, she said. At this John's heart sank, and with forced cheer he asked:

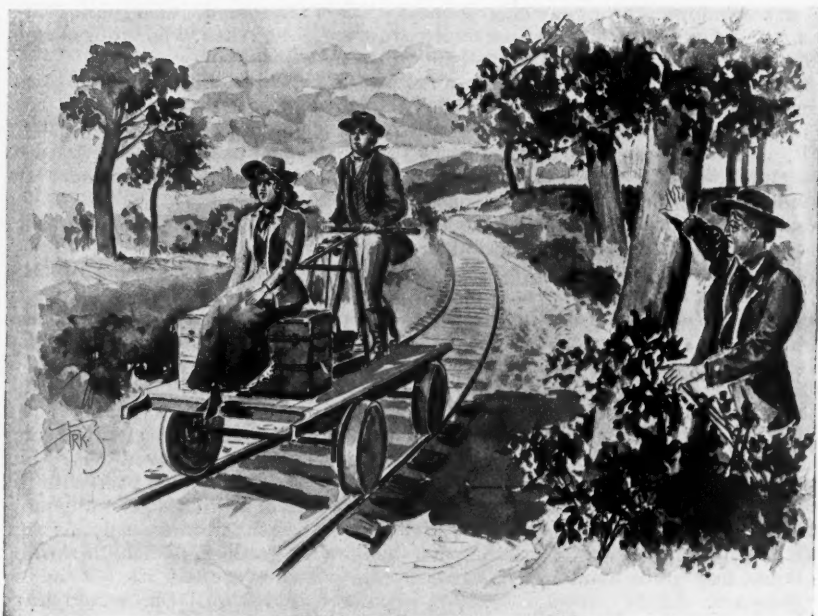
"Will you have to go?"

"I must go with uncle and aunt."

"Aint you got any father or mother?"

"No," she replied, without show of regret, which left her companion without a wished-for excuse for showing sympathy.

He took her hand to re-adjust her arm that lay within his own, and when he found that it was docile and helpless-like, he held it with a surer grasp. Then he forgot that she would go away in the summer, or at any other time. Beneath the exterior which, to the young men of Shanty Town was something like beautiful impressionless steel, there throbbed this night a warm heart responsive to love; and when John, lost to fear through the sudden power of passion, threw his arm around her yielding form, she exclaimed, "Oh, Mike!" The name by which she called him he heard not, for at that moment a masculine cry of "Kat-e-e!" rang out in the stillness. The yeast was needed. She released herself and said good night, and in a



"Over the new steel rails, a hand-car rattled past."

moment she had bounded away. Her companion felt disappointed, then annoyed; but when well on his way home he blessed his good fortune for the evening's happiness. The touch of the chubby hand was with him until he was in bed asleep.

The spring clearing and plowing demanded his time, and he was compelled to let the marketing revert to 'Mandy'; but night after night he sat on the log by the swamp and watched the little window, vainly hoping that Kate might again have an errand outside. There was uneasiness about him at home. His mother said with a sigh, "He's taken in by the wild set, like some o' the rest of 'em."

While the lone watcher sat on the log, on a rude box in a corner of one of the rooms, sat Kate with a young man who held her hand in his. He resembled John; and he it was to whom Kate's thoughts reverted when she first looked upon the young farmer and suddenly grew quiet, as she counted the eggs. He was the original and John was the double, whom she had half

taken to her heart in lieu of the one she thought lost to her. The old lover had come back.

Growing impatient with his fruitless waiting by the swamp, John went less often; but on a Sunday morning, after weeks had gone by, impelled by a strong desire to know his fate, he started to Shanty Town. Taking an unusual route through the woods, he reached the grading some distance from the scene of his night vigils. Over the new steel rails a hand-car rattled past. On it sat Kate upon her little trunk. A young man with pink face and large blue eyes stood working the handle up and down, with the important air of one propelling the universe.

At the sight of this, John's heart rose, and then in dismay he stood till it sank lower and lower. When the swift-flying object became a speck in the distance, where the converging steel rails met at a point, he turned away. Hope suggested that she had gone off on a day's ride; for she did not intend to leave section eight before the summer. She had said so; and the

summer had not quite come. "But who's the feller with her," he said. She was gone, gone, it seemed to him; and upon reflection the situation inspired but little hope; but to make sure of the state of affairs he returned the next night to the swamp.

Amid the croaking of the frogs he stood looking at the double log cabin, upon which lay the silvery light of the moon. The two dark windows told of desertion, and carried desolation to the lover's heart.

Soon the trains were rattling over

the rails according to a time table, and not only the light of Shanty Town, but all that was alive of it had been transferred to a forward section. The grass grew over the paths, the down-trodden shrubbery and bent scrub-oaks straightened themselves and invited the return of the rattlesnakes, which glided about the abandoned cabins; and silence reigned on that portion of the Ozark tableland devoid of human habitation, though at times a solitary man would sit on a log by a swamp, in the solemn company of the frogs.

## ROBERT TOOMBS AS COMMENCEMENT ORATOR.

BY JULIA REED.

HE had no right to be commencement orator, save the right of genius, and it was not intended that he should be commencement orator; yet he was, and without a rival.

On an afternoon in early spring the faculty met in secret council. Suddenly, as in a deep silence they awaited the accused, one of their number who during the entire conference had sat mute, hands stuffed nervously in his pockets, feet stretched out as far as nature would permit, using his whole anatomy to sit on, jerked one hand free, dashed it through his hair and ejected with passion: "It's a mess of a thing you've done! If Bob has ruined the boys, he's done done it!" The faculty looked aghast at the mathematician's lapse into localisms. "Let the boy stay," he continued, his anger melting into tenderness, "take his diploma and make his speech. There is more good in him than there is bad. The worst he does is known. In your college are a hundred far worse." "No; I'm not upholding him! It's a—!"

Those nervous twitches of eyes, nose, and mouth, ever this professor's safety-valve, pronounced the word etiquette denied his tongue.

"It's only too true he is bad; but don't shake him from your fingers as

a thing too vile for a touch, and leave the rest of them here to rot in your midst!"

The hand went back to the pocket, the spine reassumed functions never intended, while from beneath his shaggy brows, the mathematician watched the graceful, boyish figure standing easily before his judges, no feature save the eye betraying any emotion.

The trial over. Robert Toombs stood condemned by his own confessions. He bowed low: "Good evening, gentlemen! We will meet again on more equal footing!" His hand lay a moment on the knob; he turned half around; "Sirs, may I ask if the wife or daughter of one of you gentlemen has ever seen me when I—was not a gentleman?" For the first time, the proud underlip quivered. Another low bow: "I thank you deeply for this kind assurance. I thought it might help my mother to know this."

The door had but closed on the expelled boy, when the erratic professor brought his fist down upon his leg with such force as made his colleagues quake for his old bones, as he exclaimed,

"He's got more sense than the whole of us put together! We are a set —"

The door banged on the rest of the sentence.



A minute later, and those old arms were around Robert, pressing him close to his side, and the old cracked voice trembled and broke through its words: "Yes, Bobby, you are a bad boy—a very bad boy—but, then, I love you, Bobby—no matter how bad you are, I love you."

Something glistened in the professor's eye and fell on his nose—that nose that seemed in the way of everything—and he had to hurry off lest that bright drop would roll on till it reached "Bobby's" face.

It was Commencement Day! The chapel was early filled with eager faces, flying ribbons, fluttering fans, and palpitating hearts. Seated on the stage, in a semicircle, were the orators—some with faces flushed by the sight of the laurel wreath on the chancellor's desk; others pale with teeth almost chattering. A white, trembling one had just advanced and timidly announced himself to "Ladies and gentlemen," when martial strains from a brass band entered the chapel. The youthful declaimer mopped his face in grim satisfaction, as the sea of faces turned from him to the door through which came the sound that set every foot to keeping time. The faculty and trustees exchanged glances of indignant wonder; brass bands were not then permitted to stir the speakers' pulses—and the boys felt their eloquence rise within them at each note of the horns and drums. "Ladies and gentlemen," was the low call repeated from the stage; but the heads were still turned and the "small boys" leaving by the score. With the back of the foe turned to him, the orator took his seat, grateful to any cause that had prevented his speech.

The chancellor requested quiet and attention, and that the friend nearest the door would order the band to leave the campus. Fully ten thought themselves "the friend nearest the door," and went out to execute the chancellor's wishes, but never returned. The band had been silenced, but on the still summer air there floated in through open doors and windows a voice "like that of a fine organ—the fullest and

deepest tones of majesty with all the melody of the Dorian flute."

"Must I stay? Lose 'the music of Handel for the music of the street?'" was the question written on every face. Moved as by a single impulse, the audience poured into the campus, some with downcast eyes and apologetic blushes; others, stumbling blindly, impelled by the mesmeric call of a

Voice whose sound was like the sea,  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free.

The semicircle of orators on the stage sat for a few minutes dazed, stunned; then, with a concert of yells: "It's Toombs! It's Toombs! Toombs! Hurrah for Bob! Hurrah for Georgia!" leaped from the stage, out through the nearest windows—the calls of the professors unheeded, unheard.

A moment, and they were merged into the wild, infatuated, screaming, shrieking crowd under the old oak in front of the chapel, around a dry-goods box, on which stood Robert Toombs speaking as but one man in a generation speaks. The ladies were shaking their parasols and fans, waving their handkerchiefs, and even tearing the flowers from their bonnets to throw at his feet, while the men employed every known method for tearing in sunder their vocal chords, threw their own and their neighbors' new silk hats into the air, let them fall under their feet, and stamped them with a mad joy—all, all in a frantic effort to get rid of their burning enthusiasm.

As Toombs made a signal to the band, the students tore him from the box, threw him on their shoulders, and galloped over the campus like Arabian thoroughbreds. And as they went round and round, across and back, a white-haired man, with hands stuffed in his pockets, joined in their shouts: "That's right! Go it! Go it, boys! Oohree! Oohree for Bobby!" Another cry, "Hurrah for old Math!" now mingled with the hurrahs for Toombs.

And the Professor of Mathematics, seeing himself the cynosure of many eyes, turned into the chapel chuckling to himself: "He's got more sense than the whole of us put together."

# THE AUTOCRAT

THE man who has observed the new woman from the club window, or got his idea of her from the comic papers, has not really seen the new woman, nor has he any adequate notion of who or what she is. The woman whom he has been observing is the same whom his father observed from the club window before him. Her clothes and conduct differ a little from the one of an earlier date, but essentially she is the same. She is only availing herself of modern methods to attain her ends, whatever her ends may be; and these ends are not in any wise different from those her predecessor sought to attain when our fathers watched her from the club windows, and discussed her before we had comic papers to exaggerate her shortcomings and belittle her potential good. She knows now our foibles and weaknesses, as she knew our fathers' before us; and beneath her surface mannishness she plays her arts upon us, when she is of the artful kind, and conceals her contempt for our conceit in thinking that we know her ways so much better than she knows them herself. This personage, whom we suppose to be the new woman, has imitators—it is to her credit that she is worthy of imitation—but the imitator so unmistakably bears the counterfeit stamp that we should be able to detect her—by her self-seriousness, if by nothing else. The personage supposed to be the new woman is not self-serious. She simply has the tact of making men think she is, while she is laughing at him all the time.

The supposed new woman is an exclusive product of American civilization. She has had the shrewdness to see how much admiration Mr. Phineas T. Barnum elicited from his compatriots for the clever manner in which he was constantly tricking them; she has seen how easily the most world-wise men have been "faked" in many ways. Surrounded by frauds in era of "fakes," an unwilling witness to the deference paid

to self-assertiveness, is it any wonder that she should find some novel trick to draw attention to her own merits? She has too much sound worth to resort to anything bad in itself, and too much cleverness not to see that the degenerate of the time is not to be most attracted by what is of real value in woman. She belongs to clubs, and, so far as it is possible to overcome, in a short time, the selection evolved by centuries, she has eschewed the discussion of millinery and domestics. She has appropriated the striped madras shirt, the white collar and cuffs, the four-in-hand tie; she has donned bloomers, and swung herself astride the diamond-frame bicycle with the ease of a man and the grace of a woman. Staid matrons have decried her, the pulpit has thundered against her, the comic papers have maliciously cartooned her, but she is still with us. That she has in a way made herself attractive there is not a doubt; but it is the attractiveness of novelty, and is necessarily fleeting. In a very few years her club-rooms will be occupied wholly by the genuine new woman; and the male apparel and diamond-frame bicycle will revert to their original sole possessors. Meantime the supposed new woman will have had her pleasures and her sorrows; she will have married, borne children and fitted them for the duties of life; she will have nursed the sick and comforted the sorrowing; she will have cheered her husband, and made for him those sacrifices of personal comfort and pleasures that she has been doing for centuries; and she will have sinned, too—God pity her and have made uncomplainingly the pitiless expiation which civilized man, in imitation of the Spanish Visigoth and Teutonic barbarian, has demanded of her.

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IF we have been mistaken as to the new woman, it might be well to try to determine just who the genuine one is, where she may be found and what purposes she has in mind

to accomplish. The definite type is not now comparatively numerous, although there are constant and rapid accretions to her ranks, while her allies are in great numbers, indefinitely chasing the franchise and hopelessly floundering here and there for want of the high fixed purpose which actuates her sister, who knows what she is about and how her ends are to be accomplished.

To find the genuine new woman of the highest type, and, relatively, in the largest numbers, one must leave the larger cities—Boston excepted—where the cleverest and most influential women, from the necessity of their environment, give their talents either to society or to the demands of charity and religion; he must leave the agricultural community and the villages, where the drudgery of woman's life leaves little time for anything besides the petty neighborhood gossip—a pitiable but physically helpful vent for an over-tired body and overwrought nerves. The highest type of the new woman, who is really influencing American civilization permanently, is to be found in the smaller cities. She is neither manly nor masculine; nor are her male friends of the long-haired kind. She is of varying age, usually from twenty-two to sixty years. Her gowns and millinery are of correct mode, and outwardly she is not distinguishable from other women in the same station of life. But when you talk with her, if you happen to be a man of good sense, you discover at once that she is thoroughly American—in the right sense—though not infrequently she has seen as much of Europe as she has of her own country. You learn, too, that she has not been abroad seeking a husband or a son-in-law; that she has not been a student of the guide-book only, but an observer of everything that appeals to an intelligent traveler. She belongs to a club, but she often calls it a class, for her purpose is to learn. She is little occupied with getting her political rights. She is patient, and knows that her rights will come only with a right understanding of what one's rights are. She is as anxious for her brother or son as she is for her sister or her daughter, and she believes that a common good will come only with a common agreement as to what is best for both. She recognizes man's superior strength in all governing respects. Evolution teaches it unmistakably in man's domination over woman. But she believes the world is com-

ing nearer at intelligence and justice in final adaptation. As man slowly overcomes the instincts and practices of the barbarian, he will come to realize that it is rather to his discredit that what should have shown improvement first in his development has been longest delayed. This new woman is, in fact, laying the foundation for the broadest culture we are capable of attaining to, and, with all the discouragement she has encountered, she is making a deep impress upon our civilization. She is inspiring among us a higher regard for literature and art, a sincerer love for truth and justice than we have ever had. She looks forward hopefully to future generations of men who shall recognize woman as an equal in all things that pertain to domestic and social life. She does not demand it. She simply wishes it accorded to her as an acknowledgment of her part in the system of human intelligence and justice.

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A HALF century ago, when M. De Toqueville was bringing to a close the most remarkable book ever written about one nation by a citizen of another, so remotely different as America is from France, he said if he were asked "to what the singular prosperity and growing strength of that people ought mainly to be attributed," he should reply, "to the superiority of their women." Almost in the same breath he said that while his own countrymen had reserved strange immunities to man in the matter of morals, making one virtue for his use and another for the guidance of his partner, and that according to the opinion of the public the very same act might be punished alternately as a crime or only as a fault, the Americans did not know this iniquitous division of duties and rights.

That the author of this book should, out of the great mass of material he gathered, make so few mistakes in particularizing is remarkable in face of the fact that mistakes only have mainly characterized most books about America that have been written by foreigners. While M. De Toqueville has occasionally observed facts and been mistaken in their causes, and again given causes for facts that do not exist, he is, in the main, correct about social questions as they were fifty years ago among the people from whom his information was obtained, and in the communities

where his observations were mostly made. Yet it may be fairly doubted whether, after another half a century, his opinion as to the lofty esteem in which women are held in America is altogether justified. If it were left to the majority of men and exceptionally fortunate women to say, it might be accepted as conclusive even now. But the agitation by woman of many questions that concern her directly, in the government of which she has no voice beyond her moral influence over a callous mind which has been long looking at them from his single point of view; the iniquitous State statutes concerning her status in particular instances; the various unwritten laws concerning her, which do not apply to man, and whose concern for the fidelity of woman is based upon the instinct of the barbarian—all of these, and the intense interest that the women of America are taking in them, rather preclude the theory that woman's position here is based upon any lofty sense of what is due her.

It is doubtful whether there has ever been in this country, outside of New England, where puritan morals still have some footing, any rules of conduct common to both sexes that man has felt himself under obligation to conform to; and yet, even in New England, woman has never held a higher place in man's esteem than she has always held in the Southern States. The New Englander has not either any higher conception of abstract justice than people of other parts of America. He has regulated matters for the common good of himself and his neighbors, and it is his theory that this good is best served by a proper observance of right conduct on the part of all; and, in a large measure, he is willing to conform himself to whatever rules he has prescribed for woman. So that generally when there is any infraction of these rules by either, the violation comes under the ban of all right-thinking people in the community.

If M. De Toqueville found here generally fifty years ago such an ideal relationship between the sexes as he has given us an account of, we have degenerated deplorably in the half century; for, while conceding something of the kind, theoretically at least, to austere and puritanical New England, it may be said with truth that no such state of things exists elsewhere in America, even in theory.

Now what the new woman has in mind to

accomplish, among other and lesser things, is a correction of this social inequality; not by demanding the right of franchise—she leaves that to woman's rights women—but by a campaign of education, as the tariff reformers say. She does not wish any idealistic allotment of place. She wishes justice. Will she get it?

She has a long fight before her. Few of us are capable of the sustained and temperate effort that is necessary to overcome the evils of only a few year's growth. Time is so short, the way is so hard; our fellows in the fight grow sick of the inequality, and desert or fall by the way; we are misjudged of friends, ignored by the indifferent and jeered at by the rabble, until we find ourself hopeless near the end, discouraged at the little we have done, dismayed at what is yet before us, weary of the odds withal, and ready to strike our colors.

The new woman has to combat the prejudices of untold ages since the fall; prejudices founded upon a social system established by men almost as savage as the American Indian ever was, and more primitive and ignorant than he is to-day; a social system suited to the wants of a fierce nomadic race, who acquired and disposed of a wife as they did any other piece of property adapted to their desires. But if she can work with the thought that this generation, and the next, and the next again, will get but the faintest glimpse of the far-off dawn; if she will persevere to the end, patiently, sweetly, keeping ever in mind and heart those sublime teachings of human equality that first brought Christian man to a knowledge of his inhumanity, she can abide in the faith that in the end the glorious light of delayed reason and justice will come in all its splendor to illumine us, and to create anew within us a higher sense of our great responsibility to God.

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IN the last number of THE MID-CONTINENT, the Autocrat took occasion to say something about a social element in the East, which the press of the East itself thinks affects a great deal more than it is entitled to; and now a "constant reader," who, presumably, belongs to the element upon whom the harmless strictures were passed, writes to say that she thinks the words have an unbecoming feeling of ill-will. The

Autocrat assures the temperate and courteous "constant reader," and any other of THE MID-CONTINENT'S Eastern readers who felt aggrieved at what he had to say, that if he did not express himself without giving offense, he would gladly have it charged to his want of adroitness, rather than to his lack of good-will. It never occurred to him that any one would take the remarks to himself who did not merit them, or that one who did merit them could take offense.

At the time these strictures were passed, the Autocrat said things of a severer nature about conditions existing among the people of whom he is an integral part. It was concerning Kentucky violence. It is gratifying to him to be commended by many of the best people in the State for the position he took. Only one lone "true Kentuckian" expressed himself as being offended. It must be that his offense was based upon his belief that the "Chicago end" of THE MID-CONTINENT was responsible for the Autocrat's words, since violence in his own town within the last five or six years, and the result of that violence justifies all the Autocrat had to say. Within the month since those words were written there have been numerous additional murders in Kentucky. In three instances five persons were shot or cut to death. These instances are notable from the standing of the victims, and the communities in which the violence occurred. Two persons of position were killed in Louisville, two in Woodford county, one of the richest blue-grass counties in the State, and a boy of eighteen in Pulaski county.

Business men, protestant ministers and high dignitaries of the Roman Catholic church, from all parts of the country, have expressed themselves concerning the Louisville tragedy and the acquittal of the unfortunate man, for whom life has been made harder than most of us have the courage to bear. No good can come of any discussion of the unwritten law which the prisoner was given the benefit of in this instance. It was a tragedy that rarely happens; it might have happened anywhere; it may happen to men yet unborn and in civilizations of almost idea perfection yet to come. There is hardly a pretense that there was any law to sustain the judge of the examining court in releasing the prisoner. He simply acted as a Censor, reflecting public opinion, going

probably upon the theory of Rousseau, "that as public opinion is not submitted to constraint, there should be no vestige of constraint in the Censorial Tribunal."

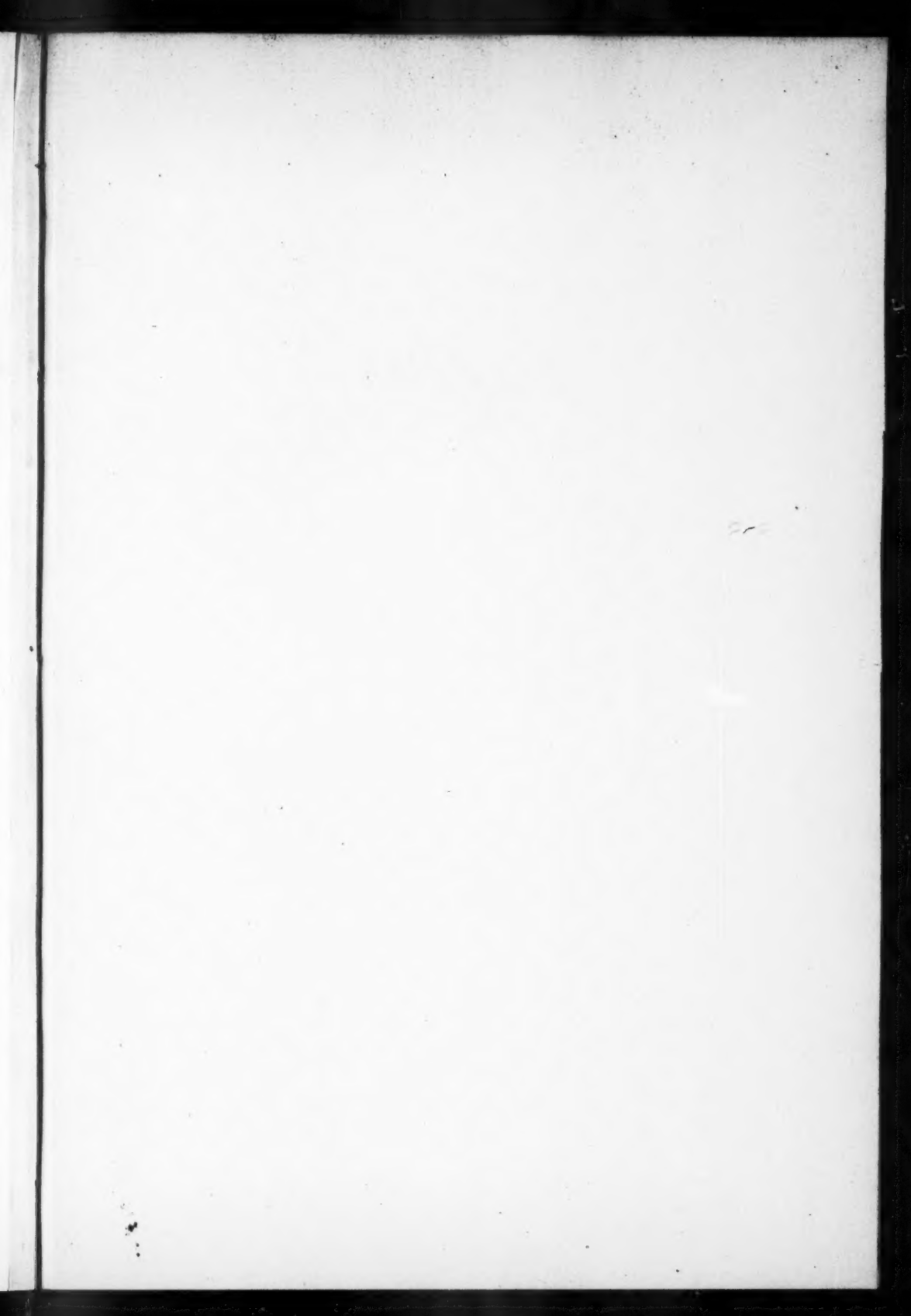
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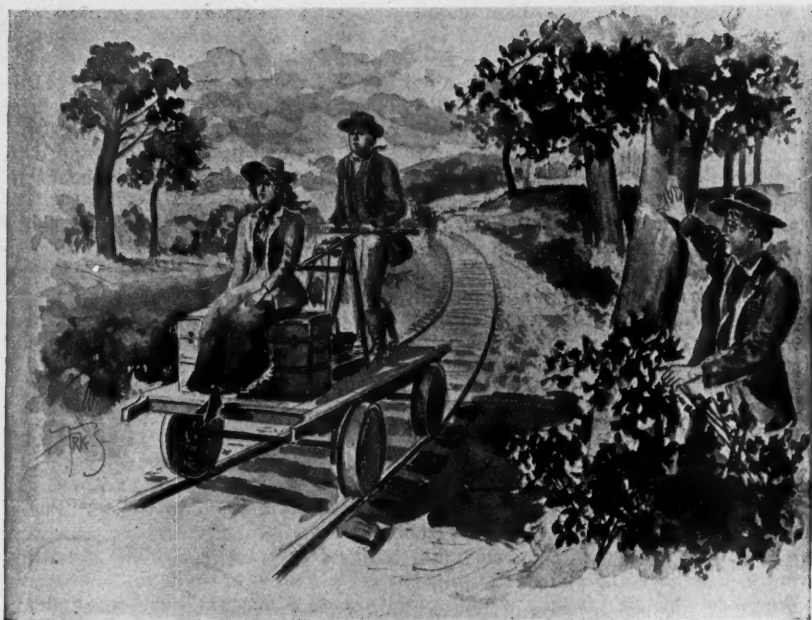
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"Over the new steel rails, a hand-car rattled past."

moment she had bounded away. Her companion felt disappointed, then annoyed; but when well on his way home he blessed his good fortune for the evening's happiness. The touch of the chubby hand was with him until he was in bed asleep.

The spring clearing and plowing demanded his time, and he was compelled to let the marketing revert to 'Mandy'; but night after night he sat on the log by the swamp and watched the little window, vainly hoping that Kate might again have an errand outside. There was uneasiness about him at home. His mother said with a sigh, "He's taken in by the wild set, like some o' the rest of 'em."

While the lone watcher sat on the log, on a rude box in a corner of one of the rooms, sat Kate with a young man who held her hand in his. He resembled John; and he it was to whom Kate's thoughts reverted when she first looked upon the young farmer and suddenly grew quiet, as she counted the eggs. He was the original and John was the double, whom she had half

taken to her heart in lieu of the one she thought lost to her. The old lover had come back.

Growing impatient with his fruitless waiting by the swamp, John went less often; but on a Sunday morning, after weeks had gone by, impelled by a strong desire to know his fate, he started to Shanty Town. Taking an unusual route through the woods, he reached the grading some distance from the scene of his night vigils. Over the new steel rails a hand-car rattled past. On it sat Kate upon her little trunk. A young man with pink face and large blue eyes stood working the handle up and down, with the important air of one propelling the universe.

At the sight of this, John's heart rose, and then in dismay he stood till it sank lower and lower. When the swift-flying object became a speck in the distance, where the converging steel rails met at a point, he turned away. Hope suggested that she had gone off on a day's ride; for she did not intend to leave section eight before the summer. She had said so; and the

summer had not quite come. "But who's the feller with her," he said. She was gone, gone, it seemed to him; and upon reflection the situation inspired but little hope; but to make sure of the state of affairs he returned the next night to the swamp.

Amid the croaking of the frogs he stood looking at the double log cabin, upon which lay the silvery light of the moon. The two dark windows told of desertion, and carried desolation to the lover's heart.

Soon the trains were rattling over

the rails according to a time table, and not only the light of Shanty Town, but all that was alive of it had been transferred to a forward section. The grass grew over the paths, the down-trodden shrubbery and bent scrub-oaks straightened themselves and invited the return of the rattlesnakes, which glided about the abandoned cabins; and silence reigned on that portion of the Ozark tableland devoid of human habitation, though at times a solitary man would sit on a log by a swamp, in the solemn company of the frogs.

## ROBERT TOOMBS AS COMMENCEMENT ORATOR.

BY JULIA REED.

HE had no right to be commencement orator, save the right of genius, and it was not intended that he should be commencement orator; yet he was, and without a rival.

On an afternoon in early spring the faculty met in secret council. Suddenly, as in a deep silence they awaited the accused, one of their number who during the entire conference had sat mute, hands stuffed nervously in his pockets, feet stretched out as far as nature would permit, using his whole anatomy to sit on, jerked one hand free, dashed it through his hair and ejected with passion: "It's a mess of a thing you've done! If Bob has ruined the boys, he's done done it!" The faculty looked aghast at the mathematician's lapse into localisms. "Let the boy stay," he continued, his anger melting into tenderness, "take his diploma and make his speech. There is more good in him than there is bad. The worst he does is known. In your college are a hundred far worse." "No; I'm not upholding him! It's a—!"

Those nervous twitches of eyes, nose, and mouth, ever this professor's safety-valve, pronounced the word etiquette denied his tongue.

"It's only too true he is bad; but don't shake him from your fingers as

a thing too vile for a touch, and leave the rest of them here to rot in your midst!"

The hand went back to the pocket, the spine reassumed functions never intended, while from beneath his shaggy brows, the mathematician watched the graceful, boyish figure standing easily before his judges, no feature save the eye betraying any emotion.

The trial over. Robert Toombs stood condemned by his own confessions. He bowed low: "Good evening, gentlemen! We will meet again on more equal footing!" His hand lay a moment on the knob; he turned half around; "Sirs, may I ask if the wife or daughter of one of you gentlemen has ever seen me when I—was not a gentleman?" For the first time, the proud underlip quivered. Another low bow: "I thank you deeply for this kind assurance. I thought it might help my mother to know this."

The door had but closed on the expelled boy, when the erratic professor brought his fist down upon his leg with such force as made his colleagues quake for his old bones, as he exclaimed,

"He's got more sense than the whole of us put together! We are a set—" The door banged on the rest of the sentence.

A minute later, and those old arms were around Robert, pressing him close to his side, and the old cracked voice trembled and broke through its words: "Yes, Bobby, you are a bad boy—a very bad boy—but, then, I love you, Bobby—no matter how bad you are, I love you."

Something glistened in the professor's eye and fell on his nose—that nose that seemed in the way of everything—and he had to hurry off lest that bright drop would roll on till it reached "Bobby's" face.

It was Commencement Day! The chapel was early filled with eager faces, flying ribbons, fluttering fans, and palpitating hearts. Seated on the stage, in a semicircle, were the orators—some with faces flushed by the sight of the laurel wreath on the chancellor's desk; others pale with teeth almost chattering. A white, trembling one had just advanced and timidly announced himself to "Ladies and gentlemen," when martial strains from a brass band entered the chapel. The youthful declaimer mopped his face in grim satisfaction, as the sea of faces turned from him to the door through which came the sound that set every foot to keeping time. The faculty and trustees exchanged glances of indignant wonder brass bands were not then permitted to stir the speakers' pulses—and the boys felt their eloquence rise within them at each note of the horns and drums. "Ladies and gentlemen," was the low call repeated from the stage; but the heads were still turned and the "small boys" leaving by the score. With the back of the foe turned to him, the orator took his seat, grateful to any cause that had prevented his speech.

The chancellor requested quiet and attention, and that the friend nearest the door would order the band to leave the campus. Fully ten thought themselves "the friend nearest the door," and went out to execute the chancellor's wishes, but never returned. The band had been silenced, but on the still summer air there floated in through open doors and windows a voice "like that of a fine organ—the fullest and

deepest tones of majesty with all the melody of the Dorian flute."

"Must I stay? Lose 'the music of Handel for the music of the street?'" was the question written on every face. Moved as by a single impulse, the audience poured into the campus, some with downcast eyes and apologetic blushes; others, stumbling blindly, impelled by the mesmeric call of a

Voice whose sound was like the sea,  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free.

The semicircle of orators on the stage sat for a few minutes dazed, stunned; then, with a concert of yells: "It's Toombs! It's Toombs! Toombs! Hurrah for Bob! Hurrah for Georgia!" leaped from the stage, out through the nearest windows—the calls of the professors unheeded, unheard.

A moment, and they were merged into the wild, infatuated, screaming, shrieking crowd under the old oak in front of the chapel, around a dry-goods box, on which stood Robert Toombs speaking as but one man in a generation speaks. The ladies were shaking their parasols and fans, waving their handkerchiefs, and even tearing the flowers from their bonnets to throw at his feet, while the men employed every known method for tearing in sunder their vocal chords, threw their own and their neighbors' new silk hats into the air, let them fall under their feet, and stamped them with a mad joy—all, all in a frantic effort to get rid of their burning enthusiasm.

As Toombs made a signal to the band, the students tore him from the box, threw him on their shoulders, and galloped over the campus like Arabian thoroughbreds. And as they went round and round, across and back, a white-haired man, with hands stuffed in his pockets, joined in their shouts: "That's right! Go it! Go it, boys! Oohree! Oohree for Bobby!" Another cry, "Hurrah for old Math!" now mingled with the hurrahs for Toombs.

And the Professor of Mathematics, seeing himself the cynosure of many eyes, turned into the chapel chuckling to himself: "He's got more sense than the whole of us put together."

# THE AUTOCRAT

THE man who has observed the new woman from the club window, or got his idea of her from the comic papers, has not really seen the new woman, nor has he any adequate notion of who or what she is. The woman whom he has been observing is the same whom his father observed from the club window before him. Her clothes and conduct differ a little from the one of an earlier date, but essentially she is the same. She is only availing herself of modern methods to attain her ends, whatever her ends may be; and these ends are not in any wise different from those her predecessor sought to attain when our fathers watched her from the club windows, and discussed her before we had comic papers to exaggerate her shortcomings and belittle her potential good. She knows now our foibles and weaknesses, as she knew our fathers' before us; and beneath her surface mannishness she plays her arts upon us, when she is of the artful kind, and conceals her contempt for our conceit in thinking that we know her ways so much better than she knows them herself. This personage, whom we suppose to be the new woman, has imitators—it is to her credit that she is worthy of imitation—but the imitator so unmistakably bears the counterfeit stamp that we should be able to detect her—by her self-seriousness, if by nothing else. The personage supposed to be the new woman is not self-serious. She simply has the tact of making men think she is, while she is laughing at him all the time.

The supposed new woman is an exclusive product of American civilization. She has had the shrewdness to see how much admiration Mr. Phineas T. Barnum elicited from his compatriots for the clever manner in which he was constantly tricking them; she has seen how easily the most world-wise men have been "faked" in many ways. Surrounded by frauds in era of "fakes," an unwilling witness to the deference paid

to self-assertiveness, is it any wonder that she should find some novel trick to draw attention to her own merits? She has too much sound worth to resort to anything bad in itself, and too much cleverness not to see that the degenerate of the time is not to be most attracted by what is of real value in woman. She belongs to clubs, and, so far as it is possible to overcome, in a short time, the selection evolved by centuries, she has eschewed the discussion of millinery and domestics. She has appropriated the striped madras shirt, the white collar and cuffs, the four-in-hand tie; she has donned bloomers, and swung herself astride the diamond-frame bicycle with the ease of a man and the grace of a woman. Staid matrons have decried her, the pulpit has thundered against her, the comic papers have maliciously cartooned her, but she is still with us. That she has in a way made herself attractive there is not a doubt; but it is the attractiveness of novelty, and is necessarily fleeting. In a very few years her club-rooms will be occupied wholly by the genuine new woman; and the male apparel and diamond-frame bicycle will revert to their original sole possessors. Meantime the supposed new woman will have had her pleasures and her sorrows; she will have married, borne children and fitted them for the duties of life; she will have nursed the sick and comforted the sorrowing; she will have cheered her husband, and made for him those sacrifices of personal comfort and pleasures that she has been doing for centuries; and she will have sinned, too—God pity her and have made uncomplainingly the pitiless expiation which civilized man, in imitation of the Spanish Visigoth and Teutonic barbarian, has demanded of her.

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If we have been mistaken as to the new woman, it might be well to try to determine just who the genuine one is, where she may be found and what purposes she has in mind



to accomplish. The definite type is not now comparatively numerous, although there are constant and rapid accretions to her ranks, while her allies are in great numbers, indefinitely chasing the franchise and hopelessly floundering here and there for want of the high fixed purpose which actuates her sister, who knows what she is about and how her ends are to be accomplished.

To find the genuine new woman of the highest type, and, relatively, in the largest numbers, one must leave the larger cities—Boston excepted—where the cleverest and most influential women, from the necessity of their environment, give their talents either to society or to the demands of charity and religion; he must leave the agricultural community and the villages, where the drudgery of woman's life leaves little time for anything besides the petty neighborhood gossip—a pitiable but physically helpful vent for an over-tired body and overwrought nerves. The highest type of the new woman, who is really influencing American civilization permanently, is to be found in the smaller cities. She is neither mannish nor masculine; nor are her male friends of the long-haired kind. She is of varying age, usually from twenty-two to sixty years. Her gowns and millinery are of correct mode, and outwardly she is not distinguishable from other women in the same station of life. But when you talk with her, if you happen to be a man of good sense, you discover at once that she is thoroughly American—in the right sense—though not infrequently she has seen as much of Europe as she has of her own country. You learn, too, that she has not been abroad seeking a husband or a son-in-law; that she has not been a student of the guide-book only, but an observer of everything that appeals to an intelligent traveler. She belongs to a club, but she often calls it a class, for her purpose is to learn. She is little occupied with getting her political rights. She is patient, and knows that her rights will come only with a right understanding of what one's rights are. She is as anxious for her brother or son as she is for her sister or her daughter, and she believes that a common good will come only with a common agreement as to what is best for both. She recognizes man's superior strength in all governing respects. Evolution teaches it unmistakably in man's domination over woman. But she believes the world is com-

ing nearer at intelligence and justice in final adaptation. As man slowly overcomes the instincts and practices of the barbarian, he will come to realize that it is rather to his discredit that what should have shown improvement first in his development has been longest delayed. This new woman is, in fact, laying the foundation for the broadest culture we are capable of attaining to, and, with all the discouragement she has encountered, she is making a deep impress upon our civilization. She is inspiring among us a higher regard for literature and art, a sincerer love for truth and justice than we have ever had. She looks forward hopefully to future generations of men who shall recognize woman as an equal in all things that pertain to domestic and social life. She does not demand it. She simply wishes it accorded to her as an acknowledgment of her part in the system of human intelligence and justice.

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A HALF century ago, when M. De Toqueville was bringing to a close the most remarkable book ever written about one nation by a citizen of another, so remotely different as America is from France, he said if he were asked "to what the singular prosperity and growing strength of that people ought mainly to be attributed," he should reply, "to the superiority of their women." Almost in the same breath he said that while his own countrymen had reserved strange immunities to man in the matter of morals, making one virtue for his use and another for the guidance of his partner, and that according to the opinion of the public the very same act might be punished alternately as a crime or only as a fault, the Americans did not know this iniquitous division of duties and rights.

That the author of this book should, out of the great mass of material he gathered, make so few mistakes in particularizing is remarkable in face of the fact that mistakes only have mainly characterized most books about America that have been written by foreigners. While M. De Toqueville has occasionally observed facts and been mistaken in their causes, and again given causes for facts that do not exist, he is, in the main, correct about social questions as they were fifty years ago among the people from whom his information was obtained, and in the communities

where his observations were mostly made. Yet it may be fairly doubted whether, after another half a century, his opinion as to the lofty esteem in which women are held in America is altogether justified. If it were left to the majority of men and exceptionally fortunate women to say, it might be accepted as conclusive even now. But the agitation by woman of many questions that concern her directly, in the government of which she has no voice beyond her moral influence over a callous mind which has been long looking at them from his single point of view; the iniquitous State statutes concerning her status in particular instances; the various unwritten laws concerning her, which do not apply to man, and whose concern for the fidelity of woman is based upon the instinct of the barbarian—all of these, and the intense interest that the women of America are taking in them, rather preclude the theory that woman's position here is based upon any lofty sense of what is due her.

It is doubtful whether there has ever been in this country, outside of New England, where puritan morals still have some footing, any rules of conduct common to both sexes that man has felt himself under obligation to conform to; and yet, even in New England, woman has never held a higher place in man's esteem than she has always held in the Southern States. The New Englander has not either any higher conception of abstract justice than people of other parts of America. He has regulated matters for the common good of himself and his neighbors, and it is his theory that this good is best served by a proper observance of right conduct on the part of all; and, in a large measure, he is willing to conform himself to whatever rules he has prescribed for woman. So that generally when there is any infraction of these rules by either, the violation comes under the ban of all right-thinking people in the community.

If M. De Toqueville, found here generally fifty years ago such an ideal relationship between the sexes as he has given us an account of, we have degenerated deplorably in the half century; for, while conceding something of the kind, theoretically at least, to austere and puritanical New England, it may be said with truth that no such state of things exists elsewhere in America, even in theory.

Now what the new woman has in mind to

accomplish, among other and lesser things, is a correction of this social inequality; not by demanding the right of franchise—she leaves that to woman's rights women—but by a campaign of education, as the tariff reformers say. She does not wish any idealistic allotment of place. She wishes justice. Will she get it?

She has a long fight before her. Few of us are capable of the sustained and temperate effort that is necessary to overcome the evils of only a few year's growth. Time is so short, the way is so hard; our fellows in the fight grow sick of the inequality, and desert or fall by the way; we are misjudged of friends, ignored by the indifferent and jeered at by the rabble, until we find ourself hopeless near the end, discouraged at the little we have done, dismayed at what is yet before us, weary of the odds withal, and ready to strike our colors.

The new woman has to combat the prejudices of untold ages since the fall; prejudices founded upon a social system established by men almost as savage as the American Indian ever was, and more primitive and ignorant than he is to-day; a social system suited to the wants of a fierce nomadic race, who acquired and disposed of a wife as they did any other piece of property adapted to their desires. But if she can work with the thought that this generation, and the next, and the next again, will get but the faintest glimpse of the far-off dawn; if she will persevere to the end, patiently, sweetly, keeping ever in mind and heart those sublime teachings of human equality that first brought Christian man to a knowledge of his inhumanity, she can abide in the faith that in the end the glorious light of delayed reason and justice will come in all its splendor to illumine us, and to create anew within us a higher sense of our great responsibility to God.

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IN the last number of *THE MID-CONTINENT*, the Autocrat took occasion to say something about a social element in the East, which the press of the East itself thinks affects a great deal more than it is entitled to; and now a "constant reader," who, presumably, belongs to the element upon whom the harmless strictures were passed, writes to say that she thinks the words have an unbecoming feeling of ill-will. The

Autocrat assures the temperate and courteous "constant reader," and any other of THE MID-CONTINENT'S Eastern readers who felt aggrieved at what he had to say, that if he did not express himself without giving offense, he would gladly have it charged to his want of adroitness, rather than to his lack of good-will. It never occurred to him that any one would take the remarks to himself who did not merit them, or that one who did merit them could take offense.

At the time these strictures were passed, the Autocrat said things of a severer nature about conditions existing among the people of whom he is an integral part. It was concerning Kentucky violence. It is gratifying to him to be commended by many of the best people in the State for the position he took. Only one lone "true Kentuckian" expressed himself as being offended. It must be that his offense was based upon his belief that the "Chicago end" of THE MID-CONTINENT was responsible for the Autocrat's words, since violence in his own town within the last five or six years, and the result of that violence justifies all the Autocrat had to say. Within the month since those words were written there have been numerous additional murders in Kentucky. In three instances five persons were shot or cut to death. These instances are notable from the standing of the victims, and the communities in which the violence occurred. Two persons of position were killed in Louisville, two in Woodford county, one of the richest blue-grass counties in the State, and a boy of eighteen in Pulaski county.

Business men, protestant ministers and high dignitaries of the Roman Catholic church, from all parts of the country, have expressed themselves concerning the Louisville tragedy and the acquittal of the unfortunate man, for whom life has been made harder than most of us have the courage to bear. No good can come of any discussion of the unwritten law which the prisoner was given the benefit of in this instance. It was a tragedy that rarely happens; it might have happened anywhere; it may happen to men yet unborn and in civilizations of almost ideal perfection yet to come. There is hardly a pretense that there was any law to sustain the judge of the examining court in releasing the prisoner. He simply acted as a Censor, reflecting public opinion, going

probably upon the theory of Rousseau, "that as public opinion is not submitted to constraint, there should be no vestige of constraint in the Censorial Tribunal."

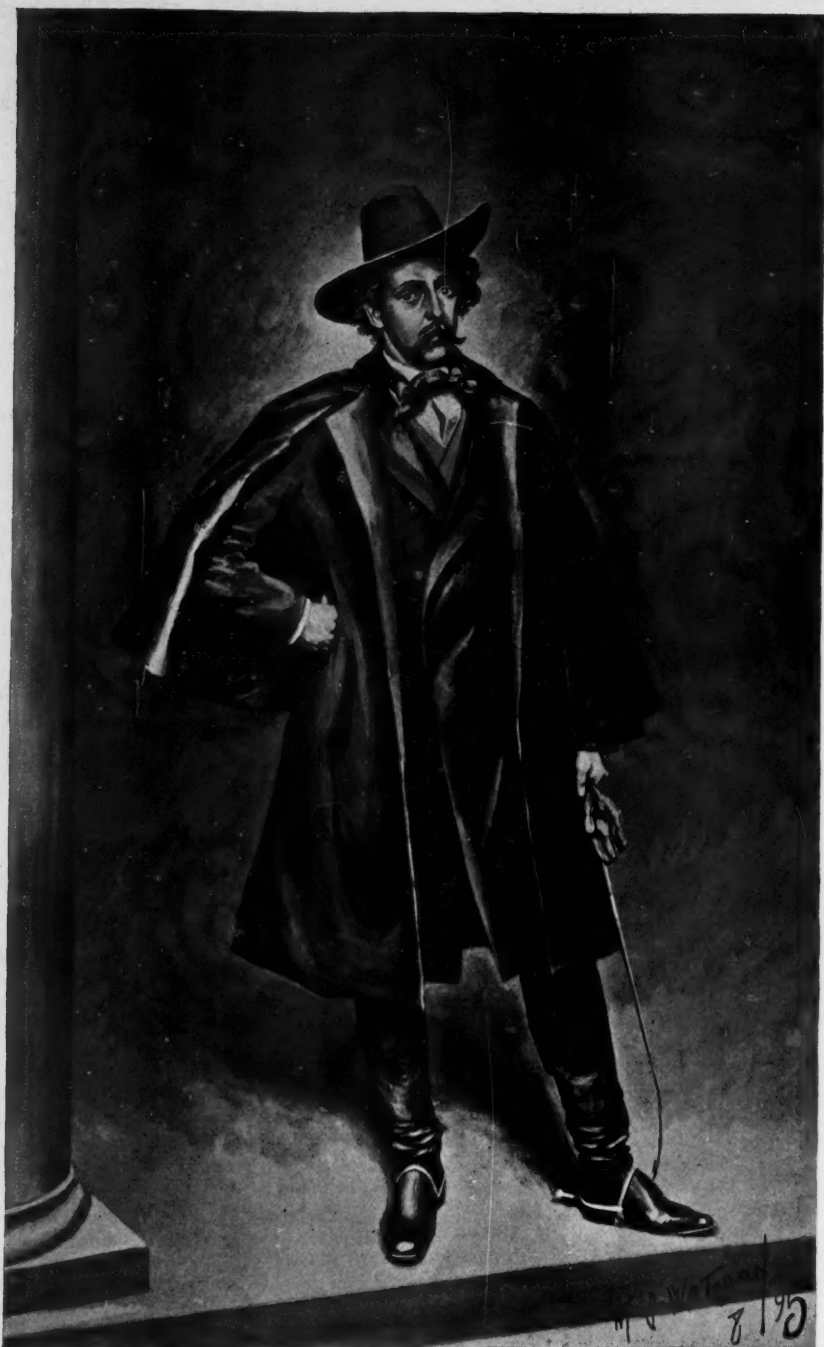
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*Drawn by Hy. S. Watson.*

"Dudley Stuart."

*Illustration for "Inskip."*